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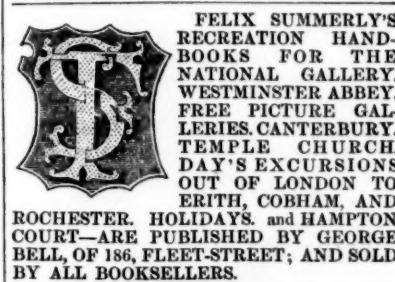
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LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1844.

REVIEWS

A Plea for Woman. By Mrs. Hugo Reid. Edinburgh, Tait.

It is no unimportant sign of the times and of the tendencies of opinion, when books multiply on one particular subject. We have counted on "our library table," within a short period, not less than sixteen works having reference, in some direct form, to the present condition of woman—her "mission," her "influence," her power to "regenerate society," her rights, claims, duties, vocation, education, and so forth. These books, of all sizes, from the pamphlet of 'Lydia Tompkins' to the two goodly volumes on 'Woman's Rights and Duties,' are of all degrees of merit, all shades of opinion; some utterly bad, trite, vapid; made up of threadbare common-places, most unredeemable stuff—written, we presume, for "book societies" and "seminaries for young ladies." Some are better, more argumentative, and aiming at a higher purpose. One of the very best is the little book before us. It is not, perhaps, the least of its merits that it is a *very* little book, and that what is said is not only well said, but is brought within a conveniently small compass. The "plea" is argued with as much terseness and brevity as modesty and candour. We know not that we are prepared to agree with the writer in some of her opinions, but we think she has stated the case in a manner which gives her every right to a fair hearing. We hold with her, "that such opinions having been fairly started, must be met—if they can be met effectually—not by laughs and sneers, but by rational argument;" and we join with her in the hope that "now the question (of the true position and claims of woman) is fairly roused, it will not again be allowed to slumber till it is finally adjusted."

Curious—the change, in opinion and in feeling, which has gradually taken place relative to the true social position of one half of the human race!—very curious the incidental proofs of this change which meet us at every turn! Only the other day we heard the opinion or testimony of a woman quoted in parliament on some political question. In a clever article in the *British Review* on English Catholicism, we find the work of a woman cited at length, and with praise and deference, as authority on a theological question. Politics and polemics! where is this to end? or rather, whither is it to lead? for it is not likely to end. It is not very long since there was a meeting held in one of the chief cities of the empire for providing more effectually the means of education for girls in the middle classes of society. In the discussion which followed, none pressed the measure, some sneered, some talked of "pies and puddings," and so the matter was allowed to drop. The other day a similar—no, not a similar, a very different—meeting is held at Liverpool: a member of parliament addresses his hearers on the propriety of giving a higher, a truer, a more useful education to the young women of the middle classes, and the people respond with cheers, and before they separate they lay the foundation of a school where 400 girls are to be trained for the best purposes and highest responsibilities of this life, which include, we presume, the best preparation for the life that is to come.

All this proves advance—more rapid than we could have hoped and anticipated; yet how is it that for ages the training of the woman has been deemed of less importance than that of the man? No one doubts the influence which the condition of woman exerts; in its turn, on that of man:— "Any person of common observation will at once allow that, in the whole range of the middle and

lower classes, the mother is the parent who has most opportunity of influencing the moral education of a family;"

(and not in the middle and lower classes merely, but in the higher, the highest among us. The head-master of the most aristocratic of our public schools, once observed, in the hearing of the writer, that he could immediately distinguish the boys who had able or careful mothers; and he added, "by the temper and habits of the boys we do, in most cases, judge of the mother," (he did not say, of the father): he related, at the same time, an instance—a strong, a lamentable instance—of the permanent mischief and suffering with which the weakness and ignorance of a half-educated mother had visited her boys. We cannot do better than proceed in the words of the author:—

"It is allowed, also, that the impressions made on the heart and understanding in childhood and youth are so much more lasting and vivid than those of maturer years, that they are rarely, if ever, entirely effaced in after-life. Indeed, the power which the mother of a family exerts—and in the nature of things must exert—either for good or for evil, is beyond calculation. Let her send into the world one child who, through her judicious care, has been filled with the active and enthusiastic love of goodness; with the spirit, to say all at once, of pure and enlightened Christianity; and who can estimate, in its far-reaching and wide-spreading results, the extent of the influence which, through this one child, she may exercise over the generations of men? But the reverse will also hold good. Let her send a child into the world whose temper she has neglected, or perhaps even inflamed by her own evil example, whose principles are altogether unfixed, who has nothing to guide him in the path of duty, much less anything to keep him steadily going forward in it, in spite of strong temptation and great obstacles. The evil influence exercised in this case is as great as the good in the former one. To neither of them is it possible to set any bounds, or to say decidedly, here it must stop short."

In the succeeding chapter, the author ably refutes some of the common-place notions about "woman's influence." We hear it said, in all sorts of gallant and poetical phrases, that "woman's influence" is of that weight and importance, that it is sufficient to procure for her "even more than justice." In the first place, do we not see this boasted influence in the absence of all admitted rights, all real power, abused to the meanest purposes, cunningly and capriciously exercised to the deterioration of both sexes? secondly, great as it is, and great as is the mischief it has enabled her to do, has it as yet procured her even *justice*? Besides it is *au fond* a mistake to assume, that female influence is the great influence:—

"Very far from this being the truth, we believe that the influence which man exerts over woman is even greater than that of woman over man. Our principal reason for thinking so, is, that the mind of man—whether essentially so or not—is at present stronger and more vigorous than that of woman; and we believe it to be an established fact, that when two minds of different calibre are brought much into contact, the strong mind will, in nine cases out of ten, obtain the most complete ascendancy over the comparatively-weak mind. It is this consideration which leads us to the conclusion, that the influence exerted by man is, at least, equal to that exerted by woman, if not much superior to it. Yet how often do we see female influence insisted on, while that of man is passed by in total silence. No! influence is not exclusively female: it cannot be exercised by one sex alone upon the other. It seems almost self-evident that it must be reciprocal,—must be exercised by both sexes upon each other,—and most powerfully by the strongest and most privileged. As a proof of this, how often do we see husbands overpowering their wives by this potent instrument alone, and forcing them to submit to injustice, both to them-

selves and children, from which even our present inefficient laws would protect them, if appealed to. Let us then hear no more of female influence, as if it were an equivalent for all the rights which man possesses; for the possession, of those rights, far from annihilating man's influence, gives it tenfold weight."

Mrs. Reid next takes to pieces another futility in the indefinite significance attached to the term "Woman's Sphere":—

"Of course, no one wishes to take her out of what he considers her true and proper sphere. We should think there could not be two opinions as to the propriety of her moving in the sphere which God and nature intended her to fill; the only difficulty is in deciding what that true and natural sphere is. As long as opinions are so various on that point, it is not very philosophical to use the phrase as if its meaning were quite undisputed."

"We believe that a great many of the loose and erroneous notions which people pick up, rather than acquire, regarding the nature of woman's duties, have their origin in the partial nature of the institutions of society with regard to her. Those institutions had their foundation, and were very valuable, in times of strife and danger, when might almost constituted right; but when a more peaceful state of society has succeeded—when we hope right will be found to constitute might—is it not proper to examine the legacy which these stormy days have left us, and see whether, in our present condition, it is worth retaining or not? • • There is yet another consideration connected with this subject worthy of our attention. If all woman's duties are to be considered as so strictly domestic, and if God and nature have really so circumscribed her sphere of action—what are we to think of the dreadful depravity of thousands upon thousands of unprotected females, who actually prefer leaving their only proper sphere, and working for their own subsistence—to starvation? Is it not shocking to see their consciences so seared that they are quite unaware of the dreadful nature of the course they are following! Ought not such wicked creatures to be exterminated? Or if we charitably allow them to cover their sins under the strong plea of necessity, what are we to think of that state of society which absolutely forces thousands of unfortunate to contradict their own nature—not by enlightening or enlarging their sphere—but by thrusting them entirely out of it? We say thrusting them entirely out, because we consider that domestic duties, though not occupying the whole of woman's sphere, ought always to form an integral part of it; and because few women are induced to work for themselves, except under the influence of such a pressure from without as obliges them to devote their whole time to any occupation they may choose, for obtaining subsistence, to the exclusion of course of all the peculiar duties of their sphere."

This is very well and forcibly put.

What we do most insist upon as the primary source of incalculable mischief, is the contradiction between the assumed and the real position of the woman in these days: between what is called her proper sphere by the laws of God and nature, and what is her real sphere by the law of necessity, and by the complex relations of artificial existence. We say that here is a lie, a *simulacrum*, as Mr. Carlyle would call it, standing up in the very midst of society. We exclaim "Down with it, even to the ground!" For while this perplexed and barbarous anomaly exists, fretting like an ulcer at the heart of society, all other specifics are in vain; they do not reach the disease. The question must be settled one way or another; either let the man in *all* the relations of life be held the natural guardian of the woman, responsible for her well-being and her maintenance—or, if she be liable to be thrust from the sanctuary of home to provide for herself, through the exercise of such faculties as God has given her, let her at least have fair play:—and while we bind the burthen on her back, and put the staff in her hand, let not her legs be tied and her eyes blindfolded.

We must repeat what we urged on a former occasion (No. 803); in these days the woman is educated for one destiny, and another is almost inevitably before her. Her education instructs her to love and adorn her home, (the woman's proper sphere!) cultivates her affections, refines her sensibilities, gives her no higher aim than to please man, her protector, and allows her no other ambition than to become a good wife and mother. Thus prepared, or, rather unprepared, her destiny sends her forth into the world to toil for her daily bread, as though she had nerves of iron; to encounter on every side barbarous prejudices, adverse institutions formed and framed in a social state, quite different from that which exists at present; and she must learn to protect herself, or she is more likely to be the victim and prey of her "protector, man," than his helpmate and companion.

In the next chapter the author puts in the claim of woman to equal civil rights, *i.e.* the right of being represented in the government of her country, not meaning, of course, that all women should possess privilege which has as yet been only conferred on certain classes of men, but that women who possess property in their own right, should have the same power of voting which property gives to the other sex:

"We are aware that it is said, that woman is virtually represented in Parliament, her interests being the same as those of man; but the many laws which have been obliged to be passed to protect them from their nearest male relatives, are a sufficient answer. The simple fact of such laws being necessary, would be a strong presumption that woman requires to have her interests really represented in the Legislature; but the manifestly unjust nature of the laws which this necessity has produced, convert presumption into proof, by showing most distinctly, that no sentiment, either of justice or gallantry, has been sufficient to ensure anything like impartiality in the laws between the sexes. Those laws, then, are in themselves a convincing proof, first, that woman requires representation, and, second, that she is not represented. So utterly unjust are they,—as we shall show when treating more particularly on that subject,—that no real representative of woman could have any share in the making of them. They are evidently the production of men legislating for their own most obvious interests, (I say obvious, because their own true and deep interest was to do justice,) without the slightest reference to the injustice they were committing against women." Denying that women are represented, infers another great wrong done them. No taxation without representation, is the great motto of the British constitution. Does the tax-gatherer pass the door of the self-dependent and solitary female? Do the various commodities she consumes, come to her charged only with the price of their production and carriage to her? Or is a fourth, or even a third added to that price, which goes into the public treasury? If she must pay, why cannot she also vote?" It is said, that this change would introduce disorder, and subvert all subordination,—that it would be sacrificing the strong to the weak; but this is a very groundless fear. If really more vigorous and powerful, both of body and mind, than woman, man must ever retain the ascendancy. From what, then, springs the apprehension, that justice to woman would be followed by insubordination on her part, is hard to say. For our part, we cannot even understand why these things are feared. Female domination seems to our mind a chimera of the most fanciful kind. We are afraid that this argument is used more with the view of throwing ridicule upon the just claims of woman, than from any serious idea of its force."

The objections are then examined, and gone into very fairly, and with a becoming modesty; we have not room for all the arguments *pro* and *con*; but we think the grand objection has not been met, and that it cannot be set aside as yet—*i.e.* the inexpediency of such a change at this time—no doubt it must come, and it will. In the abstract we agree with Bentham, that there is "no valid reason for the exclusion of females

from the civil rights of every other free subject who pays taxes, holds property, and is held responsible to the law, particularly as there has been no objection in civilized countries to the vesting of royal, and, in some cases, of absolute power in the hands of a woman." We also agree with him, that for the present the public mind is unprepared for such a change—and both men and women must be better educated to make it advantageous. But the favourite argument, the grand objection with a certain set of writers, that the innate *delicacy* of the woman would necessarily suffer from such a state of things, is taken up by the author with a courage worthy of the cause she pleads. She makes a distant allusion to those "terrible disorders and desperate vices of society, a fearful and shuddering glimpse of which is all that her own ideas of propriety allow to a modest woman," and thus proceeds:—

"We cannot help thinking that a better acquaintance with those dreadful evils, and even great efforts to amend them, are perfectly consistent with female delicacy. The possession of a truer and more complete knowledge on this painful subject, by women in general, would do more to lessen the numbers of the most unfortunate outcasts of society—many of them more sinned against than sinning—than all the secret discussions of the House of Commons. However pleasant it may be for women themselves to intrench themselves in decorum and refinement from so painful a knowledge, and however consonant such behaviour may be to the prejudices of society,—yet such is not the manner in which those terrible disorders can be remedied. It certainly seems to us that there are no vices so desperate that they ought not to be unfolded to female eyes, of which females are themselves the partakers and most miserable victims. However painful the discussion of such subjects may be—and painful they must ever be to every refined and delicate mind whether male or female—yet, since the discussion is necessary, it ought not to be shrank from. Since females are also even more interested than males in the suppression of those evils, we can see no propriety whatever in endeavouring to keep them in ignorance of their existence."

Now we will add, that the assumption that the woman violates the decorum of her sex by appearing to know that which she *does* know, that which all the world *knows* she *knows*; the common, and most wicked and fatal assumption, that "women have nothing to do" with certain questions of morality, lying deep at the very root and core of society, has falsehood on the very face of it,—and yet no one dares to look it in the face! If woman has not to do with what concerns the fidelity of her husband, the health and virtue of her sons, the peace and honour of her daughters, with what, in Heaven's name, *has* she to do?

We will only refer here to some striking and excellent passages on this subject:—

"Is a woman one instant so perfect that vice is not even to be mentioned in her hearing; and the next—fallen perhaps through her very ignorance of evil—such a monster that her condition cannot be mentioned to her more virtuous or more fortunate sisters? No! had she been taught—at the expense, doubtless, of some painful but salutary shocks to her delicacy—the usual consequences moral and physical of the step she was about to take, she would never have gone near, far less gone over the fatal precipice." That refinement and delicacy of feeling which is co-existent with vice, deserves no great sympathy; we care little how much it is wounded, and would rejoice to see it altogether destroyed. We are none of those who think that vice loses half its evil by losing all its grossness. We would much rather it should exist in its native deformity, that it might be hated as it deserves."

The examination of the laws relating especially to woman in her own person, and with regard to her children, her property, &c. is very acutely and candidly summed up. Mrs. Reid

observes how much oppression women in general will endure before appealing to law, and the probability that abundance of tyranny is exercised over women which is never made public. Of this there can be no doubt. We ourselves heard one of the principal magistrates in London say, that the thing which had most astonished him on the bench was, the inconceivable amount of ill treatment and brutality the wretched women of the lower classes endure before they appeal to the law for protection; they have a feeling that the law is against them as women; that they have scarcely a claim to equal justice; and what they endure under this impression would not, he said, "be believed or conceived."

The chapter on Education being the best in the book, and the one which at this time will be read with most interest, we shall consider hereafter.

The Works of William Shakespeare, with his Life.

By J. Payne Collier, F.S.A. Whittaker & Co. So little is known of our great dramatic poet, and that little so mixed up with conjectures, that a new Life, filling the larger half of a thick octavo volume, promises little more than a further series of ingenious suppositions and contradictory conclusions—plausible perhaps, and at times probable, but theories which gain few converts, suppositions that unsettle, and conclusions that do not convince. We are here describing what our feelings would have been in taking up a new Life of Shakspeare, written by any one but the author of the biography before us. Mr. Collier's name, however, is so intimately connected with the life and writings of the Poet, he has done so much, and has laboured so diligently to *unshew* him, to make him known individually at our fire-sides, that a new Life of Shakspeare, with such a name to it, does excite expectation. We do not want either fine writing or new theories about Shakspeare: we have had plenty of both already: we want facts, trivial though they be; and it is in ferreting out facts and adjusting minute incidents, that Mr. Collier has acquired a name for successful industry and pains-taking investigation.

No have our expectations about the work before us been disappointed. It is true we had been taught to pare them down to a moderate compass, entertaining, as was right, a grateful recollection of Mr. Collier's services on two or three other occasions—his 'History of the Stage,' his 'New Facts,' his 'New Particulars,' and his 'Life of Alleyne,' being so many outlets fore-stalling the originality of the narrative before us. It is no just cause for quarrel with Mr. Collier, that he had obliged us heretofore; or that he has reproduced in a connected narrative his catalogue of Shakspearian discoveries; or indulged occasionally in *perhappes*, and *it is very likely*, and *it seems probable*, and *it must have been*, and *we feel assured*; those unwelcome novelties that choke and encumber the few facts, the tomb-stone kind of information, which we possess about Shakspeare. These *perhappes*, indeed, are not of frequent occurrence, and Mr. Collier may have ventured on them in the belief that thirty years of unwearied research into the history of his author entitled him to be heard on points wherein we are only half informed or not informed at all. We are the more willing to sanction the privilege he has assumed, inasmuch as he at all times states his views without dictatorial assumption.

Aubrey's account of Shakspeare, the first piece of biography in point of time, is a pleasing paper of traditional gossip, told by an inquiring and credulous man. The Life by Rowe, the first in point of publication, is not only well and earnestly written, but of some authority, from the traditions it preserves from the commun-

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cations of Betterton, who had ample opportunities of being well informed. Of the *eleven facts* which Malone allows to Rowe, two, he says, are certainties (the poet's birth and death)—one at least doubtful, (his befriending Ben Jonson), and eight are altogether false. Oldys and others, following in the wake of Aubrey and Rowe, added a few casual notices, of uncertain authority, to the general stores; and Johnson, by printing at full length the story of the poet's first London occupation, that of holding horses at the theatre doors, gave the weight of his authority to a tradition which would have sunk into deserved neglect but for the celebrity of its reviver. Then came Steevens with his summary in seven lines—"All that is known with any degree of certainty concerning Shakspeare, is—that he was born at Stratford-upon-Avon—married and had children there—went to London, where he commenced actor, and wrote poems and plays—returned to Stratford, made his will, died and was buried." This was enough to rouse Malone, a man endowed with a zeal and perseverance that never flagged, however unsuccessful. This most indefatigable of men sought in parish registers and in public records, in printed books and in private repositories, for materials to remove the melancholy summary that had been made by Steevens. He was not, however, so successful as he deserved to have been; yet the *Life*, which he never lived to complete, contains perhaps but a small portion of his actual collections. What he did not confirm, he succeeded in unsettling—so that he furnished, at one and the same time, facts for future transcription, and arguments for others to adopt. We shall pass over the two bulky volumes of Dr. Drake, to mention Mr. Dyce's brief biography as a faithful gathering together of the facts then known (1832), and Mr. Campbell's Memoir of the poet as meritorious in its way, but without any new fact to recommend it. We now come to Mr. Knight, with his *'Store of Knowledge'* *Life*, his *'Pictorial Biography'*, his *'Cabinet Memoir'*, and his single discovery. Mr. Knight is not a writer of biography to our liking; he builds hypothesis upon hypothesis, and Towers of Babel that totter and shake, like children's castles made of cards: but he writes agreeably, and if he would confine his fancy within due bounds, he might weave together the disjointed materials of a life, into one continuous and harmonious narrative. Mr. Collier must now claim our attention, as his facts are occasionally new, and his inferences of some importance.

The earliest date at which we hear of a Shakspeare in the borough of Stratford, is the 17th of June, 1555, when one Thomas Siche instituted a proceeding for the recovery of eight pounds from John Shakyspere, of Stratford, in the county of Warwick, *glover*. This John Shakspeare was, it is presumed, the father of the poet. But does this tally with Aubrey's statement, that his father was a butcher, or with Rowe's, that he was a considerable dealer in wool? A man, too, often in pecuniary difficulties, as John Shakspeare is proved to have been, may have changed his calling, or pursued more than one vocation. Be this as it may, Mr. Collier thinks that Malone was right in rejecting the traditions preserved by Aubrey and Rowe, in favour of a document so decisive in its description. In the year 1557, or about that time, this John Shakspeare married Mary Arden, seventh and youngest daughter of Robert Arden, of Wilmecote in Warwickshire, *husbandman*. Of this Robert Arden, Mr. Collier has something that is new to set before his readers:—

"Malone, not having the information we now possess before him, was of opinion that Robert Arden, who married Agnes Webbe, and died in 1556, had only four daughters, but the fact undoubtedly is that

he had at least seven. On the 7th and 17th July, 1550, he executed two deeds, by which he made over to Adam Palmer and Hugh Porter, in trust for some of his daughters, certain lands and tenements in Snitterfield. In these deeds he mentions six daughters by name, four of them married and two single;—viz. Agnes Stringer, (who had been twice married, first to John Hewyns) Joan Lambert, Katherine Atkins, Margaret Webbe, Jocose Arden, and Alicia Arden. Mary, his youngest daughter, was not included, and it is possible that he had either made some other provision for her, or that, by a separate and subsequent deed of trust, he gave to her an equivalent in Snitterfield for what he had made over to her sisters. It is quite certain that Mary Arden brought property in Snitterfield, as part of her fortune, to her husband John Shakspeare."

Robert Arden, the father, died in 1556, and in 1558 Mary Arden, the wife of John Shakspeare, had a daughter named Joan baptized at Stratford-upon-Avon:—

"What were the circumstances of John Shakespear at the time of his marriage we can only conjecture. It has been shown that two years before that event a claim of £1. was made upon him in the borough court of Stratford, and we must conclude either that the money was not due and the demand unjust, or that he was unable to pay the debt, and was therefore proceeded against. The issue of the suit is not known; but in the next year he seems to have been established in business as a glover, a branch of trade much carried on in that part of the kingdom."

The issue of this marriage were, 1st, Joan baptized at Stratford 15th of Sept. 1558, and supposed to have died young; 2nd, Margaret baptized at Stratford, 2nd of December 1562, and buried at Stratford 30th of April 1563; 3rd, William, baptized at Stratford 26th of April 1564; 4th, Gilbert, baptized at Stratford 13th of October 1566, and of whose subsequent history we literally know nothing, not even when or where he died; 5th, Joan, baptized at Stratford 15th of April 1569, and married to William Hart, a hatter in Stratford; 6th, Anne, baptized at Stratford 28th of Sept. 1571, buried at Stratford 4th of April 1579; 7th, Richard, baptized at Stratford 11th of March 1573, buried at Stratford 4th of Feb. 1612; 8th, Edmund, baptized at Stratford 3rd of May 1580, and buried in St. Saviour's Church, Southwark, 31st of Dec. 1607. The Shakespears seem to have been a short-lived race. Richard and Edmund died before their distinguished brother; Gilbert is said to have survived the Restoration: if he survived his brother William, why is there no mention of him in his will? here is a new difficulty. The poet has remembered his only surviving sister—why did he overlook his only surviving brother? The commentators are silent on this subject.

It has been a point much controverted of late years, whether the poet's father could or could not write his own name. Malone assures us that John Shakspeare could not write his own name, that he was a *marksman*, and that his mark "nearly resembles the letter A, and was perhaps chosen in honour of the lady he had married." Mr. Knight contended for a time (in two of his three biographies), that the father could write his own name, and that the very paper referred to by Malone as containing his mark, actually contains his signature. To prove his own position, Mr. Knight engraves a fac-simile of the corporation paper, but his fac-simile is at variance with his printed description. At this stage of the controversy, Mr. Collier comes in to decide the question:—

"Two new documents have recently come to light which belong to this period, and which show, beyond all dispute, that although John Shakspeare had risen to a station so respectable as that of bailiff of Stratford, with his name in the commission of the peace, he was not able to write. Malone referred to

the records of the borough to establish that in 1565, when John Wheler was called upon by nineteen aldermen and burgesses to undertake the duties of bailiff, John Shakspeare was among twelve other marksman, including George Whately, the then bailiff, and Roger Sadler, the 'head alderman.' There was, therefore, nothing remarkable in this inability to write; and if there were any doubt upon this point, (it being a little ambiguous whether the *signum* referred to the name of Thomas Duxun, or of John Shakespeare) it can never be entertained hereafter, because the Shakespeare Society has been put in possession of two warrants, granted by John Shakespeare as bailiff of Stratford, the one dated the 3rd, and the other the 9th December, 11 Elizabeth, for the caption of John Ball and Richard Walcar, on account of debts severally due from them, to both of which his mark only is appended. The same fact is established by two other documents, belonging to a period ten years subsequent."

Mary Shakspeare the mother, it now appears, could not write her name, for the Shakespeare Society possess a document with her mark upon it, a bad imitation of the letter M.

We have not yet done with the poet's father. "It has been supposed," says Mr. Collier, "on the authority of a grant of arms from the Herald's College to John Shakspeare, that some of the poet's ancestors were advanced and rewarded with lands and tenements in Warwickshire for services rendered to Henry VII.; but the rolls of that reign have been recently most carefully searched, and the name of Shakespeare, according to any mode of spelling it, does not occur in them." This one difficulty is followed by another, the grant of arms referred to citing a previous grant to the father of the poet, made, it is said, by Cooke (Clarendon). Now, Cooke's original book, in which he entered the arms he granted, has been preserved in the Herald's College, and we find in it no note, says Mr. Collier, "of any such concession to John Shakespeare. It is true," he adds, "that this book might not contain memoranda of all the arms Cooke had granted, but it is a circumstance deserving notice, that in this case such an entry is wanting."

The second grant, that of 1596, was obtained, Mr. Collier thinks, at the intercession of the poet, who had then actually purchased, or was on the eve of purchasing, 'New Place,' the house in which he died. "That William Shakespeare," says Mr. Collier, "could not have procured a grant of arms for himself in 1596, is highly probable, from the fact that he was an actor (a profession then much looked down upon), and not of a rank of life to entitle him to it; he may therefore have very fairly and properly put forward his father's name and claims as having been Bailiff of Stratford, and coupled that fact with the deserts and rewards of the Ardens under Henry VII." :—

"It appears that Sir William Dethick, garter-king-at-arms in 1596 and 1599, was subsequently called to account for having granted coats to persons whose station in society and circumstances gave them no right to the distinction. The case of John Shakespeare was one of those complained of in this respect; and had Clarendon Cooke really put his name in 1568-9 to any such patent as it was asserted, had been exhibited to Sir William Dethick, a copy of it, or some record of it, would probably have remained in the office of arms in 1596; and the production of that alone, proving that he had merely acted on the precedent of Clarendon Cooke, would, to a considerable extent at least, have justified Sir William Dethick. No copy, nor record, was however so produced, but merely a memorandum at the foot of the confirmation of 1596, that an original grant had been sent or shown, which memorandum may have been added when Sir William Dethick's conduct was called in question; and certain other statements are made at the bottom of the same document, which would be material to Garter's vindication, but which are not borne out by facts. One of these statements is,

that John Shakespeare, in 1596, was worth 500*l.*, an error certainly as regarded him, but a truth probably as regarded his son. It is really a matter of little moment whether John Shakespeare did or did not obtain a grant of arms while he was bailiff of Stratford; but we are strongly inclined to think that he did not, and that the assertion that he did, and that he was worth 500*l.* in 1596, originated with Sir W. Dethick, when he subsequently wanted to make out his own vindication from the charge of having conceded arms to various persons without due caution and inquiry.

Mr. Collier proves that the poet's father was in pecuniary difficulties eight or ten years before the year in which the commentators agree that William Shakespeare left Stratford for London. In 1578 he mortgaged his wife's estate at Astley for 40*l.* (this fact was known before); but Mr. Collier has ascertained that in 1579 John Shakespeare parted with his wife's interest in two tenements at Snitterfield for the small sum of 4*l.* In 1586 he was deprived of his gown, and removed from the magistracy of Stratford. "What connexion," says Mr. Collier, "this last event may have had with William Shakespeare's determination to quit Stratford, cannot now be known; but it will not fail to be remarked, that in point of date the events seem to have been coincident." The coincidence is, indeed, curious; for if the father's necessities had any particular influence on the fortunes of the son, it would tend to show that the poet had adopted, at this time, the calling of his father. There is yet another point of some moment in the history of John Shakespeare: the poet's father was a *recusant*—

"A document has recently been discovered in the State Paper Office, which is highly interesting with respect to the religious tenets, or worldly circumstances, of Shakespeare's father in 1592. Sir Thomas Lucy, Sir Fulk Greville, Sir Henry Goodere, Sir John Harrington, and four others, having been appointed commissioners to make inquiries 'touching all such persons' as were 'jesuits, seminary priests, fugitives, or recusantes,' in the county of Warwick, sent to the Privy Council what they call their 'second certificate,' on the 25th September 1592. It is divided into different heads, according to the respective hundreds, parishes, &c., and each page is signed by them. One of these divisions applies to Stratford-upon-Avon, and the return of names there is thus introduced:

"The names of all such Recusantes as have bene here-tofore presented for not cominge monethly to the church, according to her Majesties lawes, and yet are thought to forbear the church for debt, and for feare of process, or for some other worse faultes, or for age, sicknes, or impotencie of bodie."

The names which are appended to this introduction are the following:—

Mr. John Wheeler,	William Bainton,
John Wheeler his son,	Richard Harrington,
Mr. John Shakespeare,	William Fluellen,
Mr. Nicholas Barneshurst,	George Bardolphe ² .
Thomas James, alias Gyles,	

and opposite to them, separated by a bracket, we read these words:—

"I sayd, that these last nine come not to churche for fear of process of debt."

This paper is, indeed, a "confession of faith," supplying the place of an undoubted forgery. The first certificate has not been found in the State Paper Office after the most diligent search.

The recent discoveries of consequence made by Mr. Collier, bear more upon the circumstances of John Shakespeare than the life and writings of his celebrated son. So little is known of Shakespeare, that an accidental contemporary allusion to him, of any kind, is received as a welcome addition to eke that little out into something more. He who is so allied to humanity in his writings, so well-known—through the rich treasures of his recorded mind—is so *individually* unknown, that the least circumstance making him one of us, or that brings him one half-inch nearer

² Hence we see that Shakespeare took two names in his "Henry V." from persons who bore them in his native town. Audley was also a female appellation known in Stratford, as appears elsewhere in the same document."

to an actual existence, is an accession of interest. In this spirit we receive a new document which Mr. Collier has brought to light, proving, that in 1597, a year of great dearth, "Wm. Shakespeare, of Chapple-Street-Ward, in Stratford-upon-Avon," had "ten quarters of corn" in his possession. The Note from whence this information is derived, was taken in order to ascertain how much corn and malt there really was in the town. The name of John Shakespeare is not found in any part of this return. "This fact," says Mr. Collier, "gives additional probability to the belief that the two old people were living, at this time, in the house of their son William." New Place, bought by Shakespeare of Hercules Underhill, is in Chapple-Street Ward. The purchase must, therefore, have been made before 1597, as we are not aware that Shakespeare died possessed of any other freehold property in that ward.

John Shakespeare would seem to have been fond of plays: the earliest record of the representation of plays at Stratford, is dated in the year when he was bailiff:—

"The earliest record of the representation of any plays in Stratford-upon-Avon, is dated in the year when John Shakespeare was bailiff: the precise season is not stated, but it was in 1569, when 'the Queen's Players' (meaning probably, at this date, one company of her 'Interlude Players,' retained under that name by her father and grandfather) received 9*s.* out of the corporate funds, while the Earl of Worcester's servants in the same year obtained only 12*d.* In 1573, just before the grant of the royal license to them, the Earl of Leicester's Players, of whom James Burbage was the leader, received 6*s. 8d.*; and in the next year the companies acting under the names of the Earls of Warwick and Worcester obtained 17*s.* and 5*s. 7d.* respectively. It is unnecessary to state precisely the sums disbursed at various times by the bailiff, aldermen, and burgesses, but we may notice, that in 1577 the players of the Earls of Leicester and Worcester again exhibited; and in 1579 we hear of a company in Stratford patronised by one of the female nobility, (a very unusual circumstance) the Countess of Essex. 'Lord Strange's men' (at this date not players, but tumblers) also exhibited in the same year, and in 1580 the Earl of Derby's players were duly rewarded. The same encouragement was given to the companies of the Earls of Worcester and Berkeley in 1581; but in 1582 we only hear of the Earl of Worcester's actors having been in the town. In 1583 the Earl of Berkeley's players, and those of Lord Chandos, performed in Stratford, while, in the next year, three companies appear to have visited the borough. In 1586 'the players' (without mentioning what company) exhibited; and in 1587 no fewer than five associations were rewarded: viz. the Queen's Players, and those of the Earls of Essex, Leicester, and Stafford, with 'another company,' the nobleman countenancing them not being named."

Very many of our early actors, the friends and *fellow*s of Shakespeare, were Warwickshire worthies. Burbage and Thomas Greene were born on the banks of the poetic Avon; and the names of Slye, Heminge, and Nicholas Tooley occur in the muster books of the county for the year 1569.

As we have now nearly done with the new facts discovered by Mr. Collier in direct connexion with Shakespeare, we shall turn to his opinions on points of moment. He decidedly concurs with Malone in thinking that Shakespeare was employed for time in an attorney's office. He is of opinion that Shakespeare "was not a very happy married man," and that "there is no proof that his wife ever returned with him to London, or resided with him during any of his lengthened sojourns in the metropolis." Of the marriage-bond he says, "The object of the bond was to obtain such a dispensation from the Bishop of Worcester as would authorize a clergyman to unite the bride and groom after only a single publication of the banns; and it is not to be concealed or denied, that the whole proceeding seems to indicate haste and secrecy." He can-

not entirely discredit what Mr. Gifford calls "the cherished peccadillo of *deer-stealing*;" and thinks, that though Sir Thomas Lucy had no park, he may have had deer, for that his successor had deer, is proved by the late publication of the Egerton Papers, wherein we find Sir Thomas Lucy sending, in 1602, a present of a buck to the Lord Keeper Egerton, at Harefield. He cannot countenance the speculation, he says, that Shakespeare was at Kenilworth during the princely pleasure of the place, reserving, perhaps, and necessarily too, the whole of his belief for points equally obscure, and more after his own fancy. He has no hesitation in stating his full belief that Shakespeare is the "pleasant Willy" of Spenser's poem; and so fully has he persuaded himself of this, that he alludes to it twice over, and in remote pages, as a settled certainty—as something that had never been doubted, or could not admit of a doubt. He connects, very ingeniously, Lord Southampton's supposed gift of 1,000*l.* (5,000*l.* of our money) with the publication of 'Venus and Adonis,' and the building of 'The Globe.' This is new, and worthy of further consideration. King James's *amicable letter* of thanks, written with his own hand, may have been, he says, "a privy seal under the sign manual." He is fully persuaded, after the most minute and patient examination, that Shakespeare never printed a play, or sanctioned the publication of one, but that he saw the first editions of his 'Venus and Adonis' and his 'Lucrece' through the press. He omits all allusion to the questioned authenticity of the H.S. letter, and believes in the story of Shakespeare's befriending Ben Jonson when Ben stood in need of a friend among the servants of the Lord Chamberlain. For this last belief he assigns grounds so excellent, and trips Mr. Gifford up so neatly, that he will find many to adopt so pleasant a conviction.

Mr. Collier's Life abounds in minute and curious information connected with our early stage, and the great dramatic contemporaries of his author. There is an extract from a letter in the State Paper Office, showing that Burbage died worth more than 300*l.* a-year in land; a curious note about Nash and his play called 'The Isle of Dogs,' some new and minute information about John Fletcher, his father, the Bishop, and the Lady Baker; with curious particulars from Howes' own copy of his Chronicle, recording the demolition of our early theatres:

"The Globe was pulled down to the ground by Sir Mathew Brand on Munday, the 15 of April, 1644, to make tenements in the room of it. The Black Friars play house, in Black Friars London, which had stood many years, was pulled down to the ground on Munday, the 6 day of August, 1655, and tenements built in the room. The play house in Salisbury Courte, in Fleet streete, was pulled down by a company of soldiery, set on by the Secaries of these sad times, on Saturday, the 24th day of March, 1649. The Phenix, in Druery Lane, was pulled down also this day, being Saturday the 24th day of March, 1649, by the same soldiery. The Fortune play house, between White Crosse streete and Golding Lane, was burned down to the ground in the year 1618. And built againe, with bricke worke on the outside, in the year 1622; and now pullld downe on the inside by these soldiery, this 1649. The Hope, on the Banke side in Southwarke, commonly called Beare Garden; a play house for stage plays on Mundayes, Wednesdayes, Fridayes, and Saturdayes; and for the baiting of the bears on Tuesdays and Thursdays—the stage being made to take up and downe when they please. It was built in the year 1610; and now pullld downe to make tenements by Thomas Walker, a peticate maker in Canone Streete, on Tuesday the 25 day of March, 1656. Seven of Mr. Godfries bears, by the command of Thomas Pride, then his Sherefe of Surry, were shot to death on Saturday, the 9 day of February, 1665, by a company of Soldiery."

But perhaps the most curious discovery of all relates to the mother of no less a personage than Ben Jonson. Malone and Gifford both came to the conclusion, that the Mrs. Margaret Jonson mentioned in the Register of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields as having been married the 17th of November, 1575, to Mr. Thomas Fowler, was the mother of Ben Jonson, who then took a second husband. That this was the poet's mother, there cannot, says Gifford, be a reasonable doubt. This would seem to disconvene inquiry: but what are the facts of the case? Why, that Mrs. Margaret Jonson, who married Mr. Fowler, was dead before 1595; for Fowler was buried in the church of St. Martin's in that year, in the same grave with his three wives, Ellen, Margaret, and Elizabeth; and Ben Jonson's mother was alive after the accession of King James, in 1603, Ben himself relating a most remarkable instance of his old mother's fortitude in connexion with the play of 'Eastward Hoe,' first printed in 1605. If Ben Jonson's mother married a second time, we have yet to ascertain who was her second husband.

We have said and extracted enough to sharpen the edge of antiquarian appetites.

The Chinese War: an Account of all the Operations of the British Forces, from the commencement to the Treaty of Nanking. By Lieut. J. Oucherlonry, F.G.S. Saunders & Otley.

This is the first regular history of the Chinese war which has yet appeared; it is a plain, straightforward, soldier-like narrative, written in an impartial spirit, and manifesting throughout a generous sympathy for those who suffered from the inevitable evils of war. Although political parties brought into question the justice and expediency of the Chinese war, when it was first undertaken, it seems now to be all but universally acknowledged that if the opinion question had never been raised, hostilities could not long have been avoided, in consequence of the annoyance of the Mantchew dynasty, which had been constantly increasing from the time of Lord Amherst's embassy, and which was daily rendering all commercial transactions more hazardous and vexatious. In fact, from the time that Commissioner Lin was placed at the head of affairs in Canton, it was obvious that a resolution had been taken to expel all Europeans, but more especially the English, from the Chinese seas, and there was no choice between submission to the dictates of the Tartar, and a declaration of war.

"During the early part of the year [1840], the position of the British community remained nearly unchanged, very few individuals venturing to trust their persons within the reach of the Imperial commissioner, and the greater number residing on board merchant vessels at the anchorage of Toong-Koo, near the island of Lintin; a few remained, with their families, at Macao; and beyond the anxiety attending the uncertainty of their position among the Portuguese, and that caused by the extensive gathering of troops in the vicinity of the settlement, their residence was not rendered so precarious and unpleasant as it had been found in the latter part of the preceding year. Early in January [1841,] appeared an edict of the emperor, expressing his satisfaction at the stoppage of all British trade; and this gave public confirmation and approval of the extraordinary and almost desperate proceedings of Lin. The tone which he adopted was now undisguisedly hostile, defiance was hurled in its own edicts against the British, and a large bounty was set upon their heads, to excite the populace along the sea-coast to expel and destroy them noxious reptiles."

The superiority of Europeans in the art of war was so decisively established from the very commencement, that it is not surprising to find Captain Elliott readily consenting to suspend

hostilities, and commence negotiations. Mr. Oucherlonry assures us that the Emperor had become suspicious of Lin's veracity, and there is evidence that amid all the trickery of Keeshen's diplomacy, he had been empowered to conclude a treaty of peace; there is further reason to believe that it was Lin's intrigues to recover from the degradation inflicted upon him by his removal from office, which led the imperial court to violate the treaty of Ta-koo. It is true that Keeshen personally violated faith, but this was not done until he had learned the change in the policy of the court of Pekin, and to the last he depended more on diplomatic artifice, than military force. When hostilities were renewed, an incident occurred which showed in a striking light, the corrupt weakness of the Chinese administration:

"At the commencement of the engagement, four or five row-boats were observed to leave Wangtung and pull away up the river, and to the surprise of our people in the ships, which were then bearing down to engage, a fire of matchlocks and swivels was immediately opened upon these boats by the Chinese, from the western fort, and continued until they were out of range, and the attention of the soldiery was called away to the more serious business of the day. It was afterwards ascertained that these boats, the only ones that had been retained at the landing-place of the island, had been used to bear away the principal officers of the troops stationed there, with their own immediate followers, from the scene of danger, and hence the contumely and revenge so unequivocally expressed towards them by the luckless garrison of the forts which they had so ignominiously abandoned to their fate."

Trusting to the effect produced by the destruction of the forts at the Bogue, Capt. Elliott not only again concluded an armistice, but consented to evacuate Chusan, without waiting for the imperial ratification of the treaty. But the degradation of Keeshen, the savage proclamations issued by the imperial government, and the treacherous conduct of the Chinese functionaries on the coast, soon showed that the peace was delusive, and hostilities were resumed. The naval and military forces, acting in perfect harmony, bore down every opposition with little difficulty, and Canton would have been stormed had not Capt. Elliott consented to put the city to ransom. This proceeding was severely criticized by those who bitterly remembered the many humiliations which the British had so often endured in the city, but under all the circumstances, our author is disposed to justify the compromise, and assigns reasons which we deem satisfactory.

The campaign of 1842 was conducted by Sir Henry Pottinger, and the naval and military authorities who acted in perfect unanimity with him, on a principle which the experience of Capt. Elliott's failures could alone have evolved. It was found that the most decisive victories in the provinces failed to produce any effect in Pekin, partly because the Mantchew dynasty cared little for the Chinese population, but principally because the provincial authorities sent very false accounts of their reverses to the imperial court. It was therefore resolved to transfer the principal operations of the war to the Yang-tse-kiang river, which affords access to the grand canal, the great high-way between northern and southern China, and the chief security for the amity of the empire. In this campaign our troops had to contend against some of the mountain-tribes, who had never been thoroughly subdued by the Mantchews; they fought bravely, but, ignorant of the effect of grape, shell and case-shot, they were mowed down like grass before the scythe. These unfortunate mountaineers took the lead in the attempt to recover Ningpo from our troops, but the dreadful slaughter that followed was so severe a

lesson, that we hear nothing more of them during the war:—

"Many of these men were taken wounded, from the pile in the suburb, and attended by our surgeons in the military hospitals. Their appearance and habits seemed ferocious and uncivilized, and the style of their features showed a marked difference from that stamped upon the faces of the Chinese; having low receding foreheads, broad flat noses, and sinewy limbs, besides other physical evidences of a barbarous condition, and an active and muscular habit of body. These men had evidently been highly paid by the Imperial government for the work of that night, on the successful completion of which they were doubtless to have received still greater rewards, for upon the bodies of the slain were found, besides the long keen knives with which they were all armed, a small pouch, containing almost invariably six dollars of the esteemed pillar coinage. An eye-witness has given an anecdote characteristic of the scene in the following words:—'As I was picking my way clear of the reeking mass which obstructed the street, the men, as they passed on, were snatching from the dead the little purses in which the discovery of the dollars had been made; and as I stepped by one of them, son of the emerald isle, who was examining the contents of one which he had just appropriated from a girdle of a soldier, whose temples had been literally crushed in by a shot, I heard him say, "Bad luck to ye! ye've bin an' spint one of 'em; here's only five."

A singular anecdote connected with the battle of Tse-kee may serve as a contrast to the preceding:—

"An officer has recorded, that in crowning the right of the enemy's position the troops mingled with the Chinese, and passed through some lines of tents on the summit of the hill as they drove them out of their intrenchments. In his progress he was arrested by the groans of a wounded man, who was stretched on a couch in the corner of a tent; he gave the poor wretch, who had the button of a mandarin, some water or performed some kindly office to him which humanity dictated, and the man, catching him by the arm as he was leaving the tent, pointed eagerly to a heap of clothes near him, and made signs that he should lift them up. He did so in the expectation that he should find beneath them some victim of the fray, but to his surprise his eyes fell upon a glittering heap of sycee silver: he looked to the mandarin for explanation, when he gesticulated earnestly that he should take it, which he accordingly did, and assembling the men of his company who were with him, shared the prize among them on the spot. They did what they could for the wounded man, and hurried on to overtake the column. When the fight was over, the officer went back with a few men to look after the grateful sufferer, when he found the tent consumed, and the mandarin scorched and blackened, and quite dead."

To the usual horrors of war in Northern China was added the fierce desperation of the Mantchew Tartars, who could not bear to appear dishonoured by defeat in the midst of a nation over which they had established the ascendancy of conquest. These desperate men would take no quarter, and when driven from their posts invariably proceeded to massacre their wives and children. Many such scenes of horror are described by our author; we select his account of the Tartar city of Chin-kean-foo, both as the most interesting, and of the most manageable length.

"Frightful were the scenes witnessed by these men among the houses and enclosures of the city, as group after group of whole families lying stiffened in their blood, within their own homestead, were discovered in the streets occupied by the Tartar troops and mandarins, so numerous and so painfully interesting in their revolting details, as to impress with deep and lasting horror all who witnessed this happily rare example of the miseries and ferocities of war. The bodies of most of the hapless little children who had fallen sacrifices to the enthusiasm and mad despair of their parents were found lying within the houses, and usually within the chambers of the women, as if each father had assembled the whole of his family

before consummating the dreadful massacre; but many corpses of boys were lying in the streets, amongst those of horses and soldiers, as if an alarm had spread, and they had been stabbed while they had been attempting to escape from their ruthless parents. In a few instances these poor little sufferers were found the morning after the assault, still breathing, the tide of life ebbing slowly away, as they lay writhing in the agony of a broken spine, a mode of destruction cruel, but for the most certain evidence of its reality, that not be believed. In one of the houses the bodies of seven dead and dying persons were found in one room, forming a group which for loathsome horror was perhaps unequalled. The house was evidently the abode of a man of some rank and consideration, and the delicate forms and features of the sufferers denoted them as belonging to the higher order of Tartars. On the floor, essaying in vain to put food with a spoon into the mouths of two young children extended on a matress, writhing in the agonies of death, caused by the dislocation of their spines, sat an old decrepit man, weeping bitterly as he listened to the piteous moans and convulsive breathings of the poor infants, while his eye wandered over the ghastly relics of mortality around him. On a bed, near the dying children, lay the body of a beautiful young woman, her limbs and apparel arranged as if in sleep. She was cold and had been long dead. One arm clasped her neck, over which a silk scarf was thrown, to conceal the gash in her throat which had destroyed her life. Near her lay the corpse of a woman somewhat more advanced in years, stretched on a silk coverlet, her features distorted, and her eyes open and fixed, as if she had died by poison or strangulation. There was no wound upon the body, nor any blood upon her person or clothes. A dead child, stabbed through the neck, lay near her; and in the narrow verandah adjoining the room, were the corpses of two more women, suspended from the rafters by twisted cloths wound round their necks. They were both young—one quite a girl—and her features, in spite of the hideous distortion produced by the mode of her death, retained traces of their original beauty sufficient to show the lovely mould in which they had been cast. From the old man, who appeared by his humble garb to have been a servant or retainer of the family thus awfully swept away, nothing could be elicited as to the mode or authors of their death,—nothing but unintelligible signs of poignant distress. He was made to comprehend the object of the intervening party, and at once testified the utmost satisfaction and gratitude for their humane interposition, assisting to carry the bodies down the staircase into the court, where, a shallow grave having been excavated beneath the pavement, he tenderly placed them in their sad resting-place, and having covered them with clothes, the stone slabs were placed over their remains. The two dying children shortly afterwards breathed their last, and were interred beside the grave of their hapless relatives. The old man remained in the now silent abode of his lost chief, and was seen no more."

Preparations were made for an attack on Nanking, and even a march on Pekin was contemplated, but the war was virtually ended by the capture of Chin-keang-foo, which may be considered as the great centre of the canal and river navigation of China. It has been justly remarked that sincerity was as obviously characteristic of the Chinese in the final treaty as chicanery had been in all preceding negotiations. The reason was, that the disasters of the imperial forces could no longer be concealed, from any part of the empire, when the great central point of all internal communication was in the hands of the enemy. We have seen in a recent Singapore paper, extracts from Chinese letters sent from the coast to the interior, at this period, which seem to show that there were some persons who contemplated effecting the expulsion of the Manchew Tartars, by a general movement of the Chinese; and though the English do not appear to have been great favourites with this patriotic party, it is not at all improbable that a continuance of the war would have induced them to seek our alliance: however this

may be, there is no doubt that the Manchew ascendancy has been shaken, and that a revolution in China is all but inevitable. Lieut. Ouchterlony has interwoven with his narrative many graphic and pleasing pictures of Chinese scenery; he is more vague in describing manners than we could wish, but we trust that the Celestial Empire will not long remain a *terra incognita*, and that the country which our military prowess has opened to our commercial enterprise, will also contribute its quota to enlarge the sphere of our science, our literature, and our general knowledge of humanity. The letters of our own enterprising Correspondent leads to the inference that there would be few difficulties even in penetrating into the country, which considerate good temper and good sense might not easily overcome.

Memoir of William Smith, L.L.D., author of the 'Map of the Strata of England and Wales.' By his Nephew and Pupil, John Phillips, F.R.S. F.G.S. Murray.

THE name of Dr. Smith marks an era in British Geology. Of humble birth and scanty education, this distinguished man pursued the search after truth, throughout a long life, under disadvantages which would have disheartened any more worldly spirit. Great generalizations opened early on his mind, and his delight was to communicate them freely for the information and benefit of his countrymen. Single-handed he worked up the geology of England in the midst of laborious occupations, and all his gains were spent in the furtherance of his researches.

William Smith was born at Churchill, in Oxfordshire, in March, 1769, was educated in a village school, became assistant to a land-surveyor at the age of eighteen, and before his twenty-third year was a self-taught geologist. Soon after, his sagacious mind perceived that great geological truth, which became the moving principle of his life—the constant distribution of similar organic remains in similar strata. This was no barren discovery, important only to the philosophy of geology; in his hands it became practically useful, and the accurate knowledge of the structure of the country, which he gained through it, soon attracted the attention of the agriculturist, the miner, and the canal-maker, as well as of the man of science. In 1803 and 1804 the great value of his labours was recognized by many eminent persons, including the Duke of Bedford, Mr. Coke, of Norfolk, (the late Earl of Leicester), and Sir Joseph Banks. Had he been anxious in the pursuit of fame and of fortune, both were then within his reach; but discovery and truth were his sole objects, and this admirable man forgot his own worldly interests in his love for science. He cared not to reap the fruits of his discoveries, and the tide of fortune turned when he was far too intent on his favourite Strata to notice the change.

Up to 1818 the great value of William Smith's labours had not been rightly appreciated by men of science. In that year, however, a generous and eminent geologist, Dr. Fitton, fairly and fully advocated his claims in the *Edinburgh Review*, and his name began to receive the homage to which it was entitled. His friendship was sought by distinguished men, who learned from his conversation the great extent of that knowledge, to the publication of which he looked forward, but, always learning more, delayed until it was too late. His latter years were comforted with honours. In 1831 the first Wollaston medal was awarded him by the Geological Society, "in consideration of his being a great original discoverer in English Geology, and especially for his having been the

first in this country to discover and teach the identification of strata, and to determine their succession by means of imbedded fossils." In 1832, at the meeting of the British Association at Oxford, a pension of 100*l.* a-year was conferred on him by Government,—a scanty reward for such services as his, but honourable as a public acknowledgment of his merits. He regularly attended the succeeding annual meetings of the Association, when his presence was welcomed by geologists, old and young, who delighted to do honour to the "Father of English Geology." At the Dublin Meeting, the University honoured itself and him by conferring on the veteran geologist the degree of L.L.D. In 1838 he was associated, by the direction of Government, with Sir Henry De la Beche and Mr. Barry in a committee for the choice of a proper stone to be used in the building of the new houses of Parliament. The next year was his last. He was seized with fatal illness at the house of a friend, when on his way to attend the meeting of the British Association at Birmingham, and died on the 27th of August, 1839, attended during his last moments by his affectionate and distinguished nephew, Professor Phillips, who has performed a sacred duty in giving to the world this record of his life.

This volume teaches a true lesson—of the honours which certainly, sooner or later, follow disinterested research, and of the serenity of mind which grows out of an independent and earnest character, more than compensating for the comparative poverty in which such noble-minded men as William Smith too often in England end their days.

Fifty Days on board a Slave Vessel in the Mozambique Channel, in April and May, 1843.
By the Rev. P. G. Hill. Murray.

Mr. Hill, the writer of this narrative, was chaplain on board H.M.S. *Cleopatra*, commanded by Capt. C. Wyvill. The ship received orders to proceed to the Cape of Good Hope station, and was subsequently appointed to cruise in the Mozambique Channel. On the 26th of March, last year, she anchored off the bar of Quilimane, and sent the barge up the river to the town. On her return she brought the news that H.M. brig *Lily* had driven a slave vessel ashore, and carried off two others, barques, prizes to the Cape. All on board the *Cleopatra* were forthwith on the look-out: but the tale of horrors will be best told in Mr. Hill's own words, and without note or comment:—

"Friday, March 31.—A sail was observed this morning, apparently a brigantine, stealing along shore to the south of the Quilimane river. At noon, the weather being calm, I took a seat in the barge, which, with the pinnace, were ordered away, manned and armed, to overhaul the vessel, or, failing in that, to proceed up the river to Quilimane. Soon after leaving the ship, a light breeze sprung up, and the boats made sail. After steering a good while in the direction in which the vessel had been seen from the ship, we unexpectedly caught sight of her two or three points farther to windward than we had supposed her to be, and, to our surprise, standing towards the frigate, which lay at anchor. About the same time we perceived a boat pulling furiously in that direction, which proved to belong to the Portuguese brig of war, anchored inside the bar. It seemed doubtful which of us would win the race; and we anxiously watched for some movement on the part of the '*Cleopatra*', who had now the breeze as well as ourselves. At length we saw her, at the same moment, cross her royal yards and make sail. On this, the brigantine, taking alarm, hauled her wind. The race, meanwhile, continued between our boats and the Portuguese, till one of their rowers, probably from a *coup-de-soleil*, was obliged to quit his oar, which made them drop astern. The night approaching, compelled our boats also to abandon the chase, and, having stood on the same course half an hour

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after it became dark, we turned our heads back in the direction of the Quilimane river. On our return, falling in with the 'Cleopatra,' who continued the pursuit, the officer in charge of the boats wished to communicate with her, and supposed that she had hove to, in order to enable him to do so. Incidentally approaching her head, when close to her bows, we found that she had been just in stays, and, not perceiving our boat in the darkness, had gathered way, and was coming right down on us. In vain we hailed, 'Put your helm hard a-port.' No answer was returned. There was no possibility of getting out of her way. 'She is right into us.' A few hands were near the bowsprit, to whom we cried, 'Throw us plenty of ropes.' I had hastily doffed my great coat in readiness for a swim; and, after an instant's hesitation, whether it would be better to jump overboard or await the shock, and the chance of catching a rope, found my hand close to the dolphin-striker, which I seized, and the next instant, clambering up I scarce knew how, clasped the image of Cleopatra, the figure-head of the frigate. Our boat had providentially been perceived just in time to throw all the sail of the frigate a-back, before the collision, which, otherwise would have been inevitable destruction to most of us. Of those who remained in the boat, only one was disabled, no other injury being done to the barge than smashing her mainmast: I rejoined my comrades in her, and we proceeded towards the mouth of the river. *

Wednesday, April 12.—At day-break this morning, being again off Fogo, on return to Quilimane, the look-out at the topmast-head perceived a vessel on the lee-quarter, at such a distance as to be scarcely visible; but her locality being pronounced very suspicious, the order was given to 'bear up for her.' Our breeze was light, and, falling still lighter, at 9 A.M. the boats were ordered out, and, in a few minutes, the barge and the first gig, manned and armed, were pulling away in the direction of the stranger. So variable, however, is the weather at this season, that before the boats had rowed a mile from the ship, a squall gathered on our beam, and a thick haze surrounded us, hiding the chase from sight: rain fell in torrents, and we were going seven knots through the water, not waiting to hoist in the barge. The fog clearing away, the sun broke forth, and the rakish-looking brigantine, as we now perceived her to be, appeared to have carried on all sail during the squall. A steady breeze succeeded, and we began to feel pretty confident as to the issue of the race. On mounting a few steps up the rigging, we could see, under her sails, the low, black hull, pitching up and down; and, being now within range of our shot, one of the forecastle guns was cleared away for a bow-chaser. The British ensign had been for some time flying at our peak,—at length answered by the green and yellow Brazilian flag. Orders were given to 'man the foremost quarters on the main-deck,' and the due elevation given to the guns, when, suddenly, the brigantine dropped her peak, shortened sail and rounded to, as to wait for our coming up. Her pursuer, in consequence also shortened sail, immediately on which, she again made sail and was off, in a different direction, across our bows. No time was lost in bracing our yards in pursuit, and sending back the hands to their quarters at the guns. As soon as it was brought to bear, the foremost gun was fired; and, after an eager watch of a few seconds, the ball ploughed the waters just across the bows of the chase. Another and another followed in quick succession, equally unregarded by the brigantine; and fifteen to twenty shot were fired, some ahead, some astern, some over, till, as we were evidently gaining on her every minute, and the chance of escape became desperate, she at length shortened sail, and lay to in good earnest. We now ranged up alongside, and eager eyes were turned on every part of the vessel. Dark, naked forms passing across her deck removed the least remaining doubt as to her character, and showed us that she had her human cargo aboard. A cutter being hoisted out, an officer was sent to take possession, and the British ensign displaced the Brazilian. Capt. Wyvill, whom I accompanied, then followed, taking with him the surgeon, to inspect the state of health on board the prize. It was a strange scene which presented itself to us when we mounted her side. The deck was crowded to the utmost with naked negroes, to the number, as stated

in her papers, of 450, in almost riotous confusion, having revolted, before our arrival, against their late masters; who, on their part, also showed strong excitement, from feelings, it may be supposed, of no pleasant nature. The negroes, a meagre, famished-looking throng, having broken through all control, had seized everything to which they had a fancy in the vessel; some with handfuls of 'farinha,' the powdered root of the mandroe or cassava; others with large pieces of pork and beef, having broken open the casks; and some had taken fowls from the coops, which they devoured raw. Many were busily dipping rags, fastened to bits of string, into the water-casks; and, unhappily, there were some who, by a like method, got at the contents of a cask of 'aguardiente,' fiery Brazilian rum, of which they drank to excess. The addition of our boats' crews to this crowd left hardly room to move on the deck. The shrill hubbub of noises, which I cannot attempt to describe, expressive, however, of the wildest joy, thrilled on the ear, mingled with the clang of the iron, as they were knocking off their fetters on every side. It seemed that, from the moment the first ball was fired, they had been actively employed in thus freeing themselves, in which our men were not slow in lending their assistance. I counted but thirty shackled together in pairs; but many more pairs of shackles were found loose. We were not left an instant in doubt as to the light in which they viewed us. They crawled in crowds, and rubbed caressingly our feet and clothes with their hands, even rolling themselves, as far as room allowed, on the deck before us. And when they saw the crew of the vessel rather unceremoniously sent over the side into the boat which was to take them prisoners to the frigate, they sent up a long, universal shout of triumph and delight."

There were 447 negroes on board, 189 men, 45 women, and 213 boys. The name of the vessel was the *Progresso*, and bound to Rio Janeiro. The crew were seventeen, three Spaniards, the rest Portuguese or Brazilians. An interpreter being wanted to communicate with these, concerning the care and management of the negroes, Mr. Hill's services were accepted in that capacity. Thus at 7 o'clock in the evening he found himself, with his servant and carpet bag, on board the *Progresso*, under sail for the Cape of Good Hope:—

"The English previously sent on board were, the lieutenant in charge, a master's assistant, quartermaster, a boatswain's mate, and nine seamen. During the first watch (says Mr. Hill), 'our breeze was light and variable, the water smooth, the recently liberated negroes sleeping, or lying in quietness about the deck. Their slender supple limbs entwine in a surprisingly small compass; and they resembled, in the moonlight, confused piles of arms and legs, rather than distinct human forms. They were, however, apparently at ease, and all seemed going on as fairly as could be desired. But the scene was soon to undergo a great and terrible change. About one hour after midnight, the sky began to gather clouds, and a haze overspread the horizon to windward. A squall approached, of which I and others who had lain down on the deck, received warning by a few heavy drops of rain. Then ensued a scene the horrors of which it is impossible to depict. The hands having to shorten sail suddenly, uncertain as to the force of the squall, found the poor helpless creatures lying about the deck an obstruction to getting at the ropes and doing what was required. This caused the order to send them all below, which was immediately obeyed. The night, however, being intensely hot and close, 400 wretched beings thus crammed into hold 12 yards in length, 7 in breadth, and only 34 feet in height, speedily began to make an effort to reissue to the open air. Being thrust back, and striving the more to get out, the after-hatch was forced down on them. Over the other hatchway, in the fore-part of the vessel, a wooden grating was fastened. To this, the sole inlet for the air, the suffocating heat of the hold, and, perhaps, panic from the strangeness of their situation, made them press; and thus great part of the space below was rendered useless. They crowded to the grating, and clinging to it for air, completely barred its entrance. They strove to force their way through apertures, in length 14 inches, and barely 6 inches in breadth, and, in some instances, succeeded. The cries, the heat,—I

may say, without exaggeration, 'the smoke of their torinent,'—which ascended, can be compared to nothing earthly. One of the Spaniards gave warning that the consequence would be 'many deaths.'

"Mañana habrá muchos muertos." *Thursday, April 13th (Holy Thursday).*—The Spaniard's prediction of last night, this morning was fearfully verified.

Fifty-four crushed and mangled corpses lifted up from the slave-deck have been brought to the gangway and thrown overboard. Some were emaciated from disease; many, bruised and bloody. Antonio tells me that some were found strangled, their hands still grasping each other's throats, and tongues protruding from their mouths. The bowels of one were crushed out. They had been trampled to death for the most part, the weaker under the feet of the stronger, in the madness and torment of suffocation from crowd and heat. It was a horrid sight, as they passed one by one,—the stiff distorted limbs smeared with blood and filth,—to be cast into the sea. Some, still quivering, were laid on the deck to die; salt water thrown on them to revive them, and a little fresh water poured into their mouths. Antonio actively employed himself, with his comrade Sebastian, in attendance on the wretched living beings now released from their confinement below; distributing to them their morning meal of "farinha," and their allowance of water, rather more than half a pint to each, which they grasped with inconceivable eagerness, some bending their knees to the deck, to avoid the risk of losing any of the liquid by unsteady footing, their throats, doubtless, parched to the utmost with crying and yelling through the night. A heavy shower having freshened the air, in the evening most of the negroes went below of their own accord, the hatchways being left open to allow them air. But a short time, however, had elapsed when they began tumultuously to re-ascend, while persons above, afraid of their crowding the deck too much, repelled them, and they were trampled back, screaming and writhing, in a confused mass. The hatch was about to be forced down on them, and, had not the lieutenant in charge left positive orders to the contrary, the catastrophe of last night would have been re-enacted. **

April 14th (Good Friday).—But one dead this morning. There are three in a dying state of the number trampled on the first night; one, a robust lad, so dreadfully bruised and swollen as to be unable to move a limb, nor can we open his eyelids. An orange squeezed into his mouth, from time to time, seemed to refresh him. I observed two women creep out of the boiler in which beans are cooked for the negroes.

* * *April 15th (Easter Even).*—The world can present no more shocking spectacle of human wretchedness than is contained in this vessel. It seems that a scene so harrowing can hardly be witnessed without an injurious effect on the beholder; its tendency being, first to overwhelm, afterwards, by familiarising, in some degree to deaden, the feelings. Perhaps it but reveals that apathy to the sufferings of others which the heart would be unwilling to acknowledge of itself. Antonio came to report to me that not one had died during the last night; adding, "Bien arrelados, no mueren."

This is, verily, to "sup full of horrors;" but we were prepared for their nature before we undertook their perusal. There are others in the book, but, we are happy to say, of a minor kind. But the reader who may have surmounted these, will probably resort to the work itself; therein he will learn what perils crowd the slave ship in the great deep—what storms and sickness—what cold and misery—what sin and madness and sudden death. Rather say deaths—in fifty-two days perished 175 of the negroes on board the *Progresso*! Nor was the mortality stayed when they got on shore. Every day had its victim. Equally accursed is slave traffic, in its perpetration and in its results:—

"While we boast (says Mr. Hill) the name of Wilberforce, and the genius and eloquence which enabled him to arouse so general a zeal against the slave-trade; while others are disputing with him the claim of being 'the true annihilator of the slave-trade'; that trade, so far from being annihilated, is at this very hour carried on under circumstances of greater atrocity than were known in his time, and the blood of the poor victims calls more loudly on us as the

actual, though unintentional, aggravators of their miseries."

Much of the evil, we agree with our author, is only to be removed by the progress of civilization. Missionary labours, he confesses, have done little or nothing; whether the planting of the Church there on the principles of Dr. Pusey and Newman, as he proposes, will do more, can only be decided after the experiment has been made and tried; and as that will not be in our time, we need not speculate on possible consequences.

A History of British Forest Trees, indigenous and introduced. By P. J. Selby, F.L.S., &c. Van Voorst.

Treatise on the Management and Cultivation of Forest Trees. By John Smith. Blackie & Son.

ALTHOUGH the time has long since passed away when the forests of Britain could supply its inhabitants with all the timber they require, yet the wood of many British trees is so valuable that it is still worth while to pay attention to their cultivation. Trees also form an object of great natural interest in a scene, that art has availed itself of the study of their beautiful forms, for producing a picturesque effect in the planting of parks, gardens, shrubberies, and estates. The interest taken in this subject induced the late Mr. Loudon to publish his great work the 'Arboretum et Fruticetum Britannicum,' which treats of shrubs, as well as trees generally, and more particularly those which have been introduced into the forests, plantations, and shrubberies of Europe. Of the two works at the head of this article, the first, by Mr. Selby, treats only of forest-trees, and those indigenous or naturalized in Great Britain; the second, by Mr. Smith, is devoted to the culture and management of forest trees.

Mr. Selby has relieved the technical details of his work, by entering upon the history of the various species of trees, a subject of much interest in connexion with their uses and traditions, and the great size and age which many trees have attained.

Not many centuries have passed away since our island was covered with primitive forests of oak and pine. From the swamps of Lincolnshire canoes of oak have frequently been exhumed, which indicate both the character of this country and of its inhabitants, in the earlier stages of its history. Many of the early Saxon writers refer to immense forests of oak trees, which covered Britain, and there are individual trees still standing, which formed part of these forests. Even after the Norman conquest the decrease of oak forests was only very gradual, as it appears that in the time of Henry II. the greater part of England was covered with wood. At this period London itself was surrounded by a large forest, "in the coverts whereof," says Fitz-Stephen, "lurked bucks and does, wild boars and bulls." Even as late as Henry VII. it was computed that the forests covered one-third of all England. What oaks were in the south, pines were in the north, and Scotland was equally covered with forests as England. There are now but few remnants of the ancient Caledonian forests. The value of the timber has led to the clearing of large districts, on the higher hills, whilst the grazing of cattle, and the growing of corn, have made them almost to disappear in the plains and lowlands.

But oaks and pines were not the only trees of Great Britain in earlier times, and there are many with whose names a variety of curious and interesting traditions and customs are connected. The custom of decorating our churches and dwelling-houses at Christmas, with holly, is thought by Mr. Selby "to have been first adopted by the early Christians, at Rome, where

the holly had long been used, as an emblem of good wishes, in the great festival of the Saturnalia, celebrated about that period of the year." Dr. Chandler, however, supposes the custom to have been derived from the Druids, who are said to have decorated their dwellings during winter with evergreens. Another custom amongst us derived from the Romans, is the celebration of May-day, by the erection of the may-pole, and surmounting it with a wreath of hawthorn flowers. The mountain-ash, rowan, or witchen-tree, still maintains its credit in some parts of England, for its power of averting the influence of the "evil eye," and great was the reverence this tree formerly obtained, on account of its supposed virtues. The quivering leaves of the aspen have not failed to mark out this tree as a subject of superstition. It is a common notion in the Highlands of Scotland, that from the wood of this tree the cross of Christ was made, and on this account it is believed the leaves can never more remain at rest. The yew remains to this day the silent inhabitant of our churchyards, and many of the finest and most venerable specimens in existence are found in such situations, but in what this custom originated nothing certain is known. Healing virtues are often superstitiously attributed to trees, and Mr. Bree has lately related an instance, which took place in Warwickshire, in which a ruptured child was made to pass through the chasm of a young ash tree, split for the purpose. Many other superstitions of a like kind still linger amongst the rural population of England, even in this nineteenth century. There are numerous trees in this country, famous for their size, great age, or for being planted by celebrated individuals. Of oaks Mr. Selby says—

"Of those still existing and remarkable for age and size, the Wimfarthing Oak is said to have been an old tree at the time of the Conquest: Cowper's Oak, in Northamptonshire, is supposed to have been planted in the time of William the Conqueror; the Saley Forest Oak, in the same country, boasts a much greater age, as it is supposed to have seen one thousand five hundred seasons; its trunk is forty-six feet in circumference; the Flitton Oak, in Devonshire, of the *sessiliflora* variety, supposed to be one thousand years old, is thirty-three feet in circumference at one foot from the ground; the Cowthorpe Oak, in Yorkshire, is seventy-eight feet at the ground; the Hempstead Oak, in Essex, fifty-three feet, and the Merton Oak, in Norfolk, sixty-three feet in circumference. In Scotland, also, the remains of magnificent Oaks still exist; amongst others may be particularized the Wallace Oak, at Ellerslie in Renfrewshire, amidst whose branches it is said the patriot and three hundred of his followers hid themselves from the English."

The ash frequently vies with the oak in its age and size, and individual trees have attained even a greater height. The ascertained age of many yew trees is very great. Those at Fountains Abbey were trees of no mean dimensions when the abbey was founded in 1132, "as we gather from the tradition, viz. that the monks who built the monastery resided beneath the shelter of these very yews during the time of its erection." The Aukewyke yew is supposed to be upwards of one thousand years old. It was within sight of this yew that Magna Charta was signed, and under its shade Henry VIII. is said to have made his appointment,—

And sighing breathed his Anna Boleyn's name.

There are many other yews in this country looking fresh and green, whose age is greater than that of the ruined buildings by whose side they have stood unaltered through centuries. Of other trees, the elm, the beech, the plane, and the cedar, all attain sometimes a remarkable age and size. There are planes in Greece supposed to be two thousand years old; and some of the cedars on Libanus itself, claim an age as great as that of our earliest historical record.

One of the most interesting departments of the study of trees is their picturesque character, and to which we are glad to find Mr. Selby has devoted much consideration in his work. A knowledge of the forms of the branches of trees, of the colour of their foliage, of the effect they produce on one another, as well as on the various kinds of buildings near which they are placed, would often lead to a more judicious planting of them than at present takes place. As a specimen of Mr. Selby's mode of treating this department of his subject, we select his remarks on the cedar of Lebanon:—

"As compared with other evergreen coniferous trees it surpasses them all in grand and picturesque effect; and when arrived at maturity, or approaching those gigantic dimensions which it acquires in its native habitats, may justly be considered as one of the most magnificent of the vegetable creation. In its form and mode of growth every circumstance is calculated to give it an imposing and noble aspect: the trunk being massive, and of a large diameter in proportion to its height, indicates that strength and longevity by which it is characterized in passages of Holy Writ, whilst its pyramidal head, composed of numerous and horizontal boughs, rising tier above tier in thick succession, and clothed with a mantling foliage of never-failing green, forms a canopy, or as the Prophet Ezekiel expresses it, 'a shadowing shroud' of vast extent and striking appearance. This grandeur and beauty of form naturally associates the Cedar, in our ideas with objects of importance and scenery of the loftiest description: and hence it is that it becomes a more appropriate ornament and appendage to imposing architectural masses, and grounds of wide extent, than to the precincts of a modern villa, where none of the accompaniments are of a corresponding magnitude, or in accordance with those feelings which its presence is calculated to excite. Such, also, seems the feeling of eminent painters in regard to this tree, whenever it can appropriately be introduced into their compositions. Thus, in several of the wonderful and highly imaginative pictures of the celebrated Martin, the Cedar is prominently brought forward, particularly in his representation of the destruction of Babylon, where it is made the principal tree in its far-famed terraces and hanging gardens. It is also a prominent object in the gardens of Nineveh, as represented in his fall of that city, and ancient Cedars also enter into his imaginary view of the Garden of Eden."

With the description and history of every tree Mr. Selby has given directions for its culture, and this part of his book derives value from the fact, that both Mr. Selby and his father have paid great attention to the cultivation of trees on their own estates.

Mr. Smith's work is entirely devoted to the management of forest trees, to the culture of which he has evidently devoted himself, and many valuable hints may be derived from the perusal of his work. He is an advocate for more extensive planting of trees in this country than takes place at present; and some of his calculations of the profits of forests, as compared with other modes of cultivation, are startling. Some of Mr. Smith's views of vegetable physiology are novel, but we would suggest that no practical recommendations, when founded merely on an hypothesis, can be of any great value. He supposes that each branch of a tree is supplied with nutriment from a distinct root, and from no other; and accounts for some of the effects of pruning and transplanting on this assumption, but he has brought forward no facts to support such a view. Abundant evidence is afforded in both these works, of the necessity of attending to the composition of the soil in which trees are planted. Many of the failures of plantations are evidently to be traced to the want of a knowledge of the kind of soil that a tree requires for its nutrition.

A Lecture on the Times and the Play of Richard the Third. By Miles Beale, M.R.C.S. Published at the Request, and for the Benefit, of the Crosby Hall Literary and Scientific Institution.

At a moment when the contemporary press is calling for the performance, at our theatres, of Shakspere's Richard the Third, in place of Cibber's stage-adaptation, this Lecture will probably receive some attention, and is certainly not undeserving it. Mr. Beale goes fully over the historical facts of the times, and, notwithstanding Walpole's doubts to the contrary, decides in favour of the Shaksperian view of Richard's character. His summary on this point is worth quoting:—

"His crimes were too prominent to be overlooked, and at this distance of time, necessarily throw into shade many actions which should be taken into account in forming our estimate of his character. During his brief reign, he enacted several good laws, and steadily endeavoured to repress the power and numbers of the followers of the nobles, a fruitful source of danger to the crown, and of oppression to the people. His conduct to the Church was, on the whole, conciliatory, though there is much reason to believe, that he dreaded its influence; and that having offended a large body of the aristocracy, this course of conduct might be the result of policy, rather than of conscience. He performed many acts of kindness to individuals; to the widow of his enemy, Lord Oxford, he granted a pension of one hundred pounds a year; to the widow of Lord Hastings he was specially liberal and considerate, as well as to the widows of the Duke of Buckingham, and Lord Rivers: these are only a few instances out of a long list of good deeds collected by Sharon Turner. Though fond of hunting, he disforested a large circuit of country, which Edward the Fourth had annexed to the chase of Wichenwood. He protected foreign trade, encouraged architecture and printing, and was fond of music. In his liking for singing, he seems to have had an intention of founding a sort of Hullah class; though the mode he adopted savoured rather much of his usual arbitrary temper: he empowered a certain individual to seize for the King's chancery all such singing men and children as he could find able to do service. It is difficult to form a precise idea of Richard's person, amid the conflicting representations of prejudiced individuals: it is still more difficult to those who have seen Cooke, or Kean, or Kemble personate the character. We continually require to be reminded, that he was not thirty-three years of age at the time of his death. He was short of stature, weak in body, and of infirm health, indulging in constant restless movements, now biting his nails, now playing with his dagger; beneath the most insinuating manners, he concealed the deep guile of his heart. There is reason to believe, that his deformity has been exaggerated, both in the play, and in the representation of his person on the stage. Within this frail body was lodged a mind of uncommon energy and activity, remarkably fertile in expedients, prompt in resolving and rapid in executing; a combination of powers, which, however employed, constitutes talent. Constitutionally brave, he was, however, morally a coward; ambition was his ruling passion, to gratify which, he paused not at the commission of crimes of the deepest dye; but suspicion and remorse habitually possessed his soul: under their influence reckless of the future, in despair and desperation, he threw himself into the arms of death, or, as Shakspere would say, 'winking, he leapt into destruction.' The metaphysician and the moral philosopher could hardly dwell upon a more interesting subject than the constitution of the mind of Richard, or of that of either of his brothers. In neither of them had the moral qualities acquired that development, which empowers them to obtain the mastery over those appetites we share in common with the lower animals, or which gives them the direction of the intellectual faculties, for noble and unselfish purposes. They were all brave, and all ambitious, but these high qualities were obscured or perverted. Edward IV. was a libertine and a glutton, and died of excess at the age of forty-two. Clarence was mercenary and avaricious, Richard fierce and cruel."

This extract will serve at least to show, that the style of the Lecture is sufficiently elegant to please, and it may induce some to read it for instruction. It contains, indeed, many pleasant and characteristic notices of the manners of the age—in illustration of which we will quote the following passage:—

"Two eminent citizens, Sir John Crosby and John Carpenter, were both alive during the reign of Henry VI., and almost upon the same spot, and their works have both recently been placed very prominently before the public. Carpenter left something less than twenty pounds per annum for the education of four boys; this is the seed, which having fallen on good ground, has sprung up, and bears fruit now, literally, fifty fold, and promises to do so a hundred fold. The City School is maintained from the estates left by Carpenter; this individual was the executor of the celebrated Lord Mayor Whittington; he was Town-clerk of the city, and sometime its representative in parliament. This leads me to observe on another feature of the times; Carpenter, towards the end of his life, was specially exempted from being called upon to serve in parliament, or in any public office, or to suffer knighthood. There are frequent proofs in those days of the interference of the crown and of the nobles to compel the return of certain members, in a way which would not be tolerated in these days of purity of election, but this arose apparently from the difficulty of finding those willing to serve; bribery was then practised to keep out, not to get into Parliament. It is a fact worth stating, that in 1463, the country gentlemen complained in the House of Commons that the price of corn was injuriously lowered by the too large importation of that commodity from the north of Germany—of so venerable an age is the prejudice, if such it be, against free trade in corn. There is even to be found, in the history of the fifteenth century, what may be considered as the commencement of the sliding scale; thus, in 1436, it was enacted, that corn might be carried out of the kingdom without licence, when wheat was at the price of 6s. 8d. and barley at 3s. per quarter; and in 1463 the importation of grain was prohibited, unless these prices were exceeded in the home market. The ideas of our ancestors upon the question of reciprocity of trade may be learned from the fact, that about 1452, the Duke of Burgundy having prohibited the importation of English woollen cloths, it was enacted, that no merchandise of his dominions should be admitted into England. Our commerce, during the latter years of Edward IV. was steadily advancing, and numerous treaties with foreign powers were entered into; our citizens were acquiring wealth and consequence—were trusted by their own sovereign, and received as his representatives at foreign courts. Sir John Crosby was appointed a commissioner, in 1472 and 1473, for settling the differences which had arisen between Edward and the Duke of Burgundy, and in the former year with the Hans Towns also. In the office which he filled as Mayor of the Staple, he was the most important functionary of the trading community. In the parliament summoned in the first year of the reign of Richard III. seven out of the fifteen acts passed, relate to commerce and manufactures; whilst they show the progress of national industry, they exhibit more clearly still, how slowly that policy is arrived at which, with far-seeing sagacity, best speeds the plough and the loom. ** The trades and handicrafts are continually the subjects of legislative interference, at the time of which we write. The Goldsmiths, in 1477, were required to inhabit the open streets, 'where better and more open showing is of their craft.' The Wax-chandlers, by extortions, and overcharges for images, &c. brought upon themselves the restriction of 3d. per lb. for the manufactured article over the raw material. In reference to the healing art, at a time when astrology and alchemy stood in the place of science, I may perhaps be excused if I say a few words. We learn from Stowe, that 'deceivers then existed, who never being trained up in the practice of physick or surgery, did boast to do great cures, especially upon women, as to make them straight who before were crooked, corbed, or crumpled in their bodies; a class of empirics, we regret to say, existing still; but the learned Linacre, with a view to remedy this evil, was now labouring to found the

College of Physicians. Linacre was a man worthy of the noble science of medicine; who having imbibed at Florence, under Lorenzo de Medici, a taste for literature, promoted its cultivation in England, especially by the introduction of the study of the Greek language; and who, glancing at the manners of the time, is reported to have said, after reading the fifth, sixth, and seventh chapters of St. Matthew's Gospel, containing our Lord's Sermon on the Mount, 'Either this is not the Gospel, or we are not Christians.' We know that Linacre has many a worthy representative in the present day; if we feel that the age which tolerates the absurdities of homoeopathy or mesmerism can hardly indulge in ridicule of one which encouraged by royal licence a search for the elixir of life, or employed as a remedy a few hairs of a saint's beard, dipped in holy oil. I shall only mention one other fact, in connexion with this part of my subject, which occurred about the beginning of the century. One Matthew Flint, a most noted dentist of his day, received a very considerable grant from the crown of sixpence per day, on condition of his drawing the teeth of the poor of London without charge."

Mr. Beale, we observe, is one of the Committee of the Institution at which this Lecture was delivered. It is well for the young association that it has so intelligent a man interested in the direction of its affairs. We cordially echo his wish, that the funds of the Institution would enable the Committee "to remove the reproach of the nakedness of the walls" of the fine old Hall, wherein its meetings are held, "by fresco paintings of local or historical interest connected with the building." If in these few sensible words, Mr. Beale speaks as the acknowledged representative of the Committee, or declares their unanimous opinion, we doubt not that the wish will be parent to the deed. What say the Committee to a public subscription? they shall have our cordial support. We should like nothing better than to see a literary institution foremost in this true fine art patronage. It would be a noble example to some of the wealthy companies, who could do the work worthily without feeling the cost. The guild-halls of the Lombards and the Venetians, the Florentines and the Flemings, were the nursing schools of fresco painting. Is there less intelligence, or less of public spirit among the wealthy citizens of our great city?

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The Fortunes of the Falcons, by Mrs. Gordon, 3 vols.—A book depressing in proportion to the talent expended upon it. We do not remember a novel so calculated to sink the spirits of the reader, since 'The Countess and Gertrude,' by Miss Hawkins, the melancholy effect of which is freshly present to us. Painful are the fallen fortunes of virtuous and cultivated people, miserable is a state of dependence, wounding are "the slings and arrows," which to the courted and prosperous appear but as social omissions unworthy of notice, and wearying to the lonely is the daily influence of irritability. Why then should a novel-writer so clever as Mrs. Gordon, select such a subject? for the love and generosity thrown in by way of redemption, are but imperfectly conceived and coldly coloured, compared with the fretfulness of Eleanora's mother, the tyranny of her rich aunts, and the selfishness of her vulgar relations. We positively feel the untimely death of her high-spirited brother to be a welcome escape from long-drawn torment; and, when the heroine at last gets rewarded by a good and rich husband, cannot help doubting whether any capacity for happiness can still exist. We rejoice to believe that such pictures of life are false; or, at best, exceptional to a degree which places them beyond the artist's range. Mrs. Gordon is observant, clever, eloquent; but her gifts are neutralized in this novel, by the pall of gloom, which is thrown over its scenes. Let her try a picture with more sun-light—and her success, we think, will astonish herself.

The Sabbath Companion, by Thomas Dale, M.A. Canon of St. Paul's, and Vicar of St. Bride's, London.—Mr. Dale was well known some years ago as a

writer of smooth Annual verses, and has since, we believe, attained celebrity as a popular preacher. Such merits as this character implies undoubtedly belong to the present work. It is elegant, but superficial; and is designed, according to the author's statement, "more especially for the use of young persons, whose time is much engaged during the week by their secular pursuits and occupations, and who are the more desirous on that account to redeem a portion of the Lord's day for religious reading;—such reading as may profitably and properly fill up the intervals of private devotion, and of the public services of the Church." How profitably or how properly the reading of this volume on such occasions may be, we are happily not called on to decide. If to read be only to induce a certain amount of agreeable sensation, by the recognition of certain terms and phrases which have been made old and familiar by pious custom, and if such recognition be of necessity a religious recreation, then, indeed, Mr. Dale's book will be found an admirable 'Sabbath Companion.' From the careful style in which this work is printed, and its appearance altogether, as well as the name of the author, we have been induced to look more closely into it than perhaps we should otherwise have done; and we felt sincerely desirous that its execution should fulfil the purpose for which it was professedly designed. Nothing, however, is now left for us to do, but to recommend Mr. Dale in future, to be sure, before he puts forth another book, that he has something to impart, and not to content himself with enacting the character of an elegant Verbalist, which is, we can assure him, all that he has accomplished on the present occasion. We remark, indeed, in general, that religious authors write as if they were addressing children and the less informed, and were convinced before-hand that the smallest contribution, in the way of thought and instruction, must be thankfully received by those who were *a priori* considered so poor, equally in intellect and morals. Accordingly, few such books are fitted for those robust intellects which need rather "the strong meat" than the "milk of the word."

Margaret, or the Pearl, by the Rev. Charles B. Tayler.—It is impossible now-a-days to escape from religious controversy, seeing that it is poked at by versifiers in their prefaces,—symbolized by our historical painters, sung (under pretence of ancient music) at piano-fortes, wrought in tapestry, and talked promiscuously on feast and fast days. Mr. Tayler's new tale is on the subject of Tractarianism. His heroine Margaret, or the Pearl, (how comes it by the way, that such an anti-symbolist should for argument's sake thus avail himself of symbol?) is represented at the commencement of the story, to be a somewhat rebellious and conceited formalist. She is then subjected to vicissitude as *per receipt*, is made to rise to the fulness of happiness and Christian purity, and is at last crowned with the coronet and an anti-Tractarian husband. Throughout the story Mr. Tayler stands up manfully for "the right of private judgment" so far as it agrees with his own. And this will sufficiently characterize and criticize his book, without our taking up a position on either the gold or the silver side of the shield.

The History of Christianity, from its Promulgation to its legal Establishment in the Roman Empire, by W. C. Taylor, L.L.D.—This is an able summary, and will be found a useful book. It is dedicated to the memory of the late Bishop of Meath; and Dr. Taylor mentions that the work had the benefit of the Bishop's revision in all but the last few pages. Dr. Taylor has endeavoured, he says, to distinguish the history of Christianity from that of the Christian Church, and thus avoid the common error of "confounding two things perfectly distinct—a religion and an establishment." He lays it down as a rule, that Christianity has no political history, though Christian Churches have. Admitting this, why should the history of Christianity be completed (as he tells us it is) when the recognition of the Christian Church as a political institution in the Roman empire is recorded? Did the distinction then cease? or did one of the twain thus distinguished cease? Did religion die when establishment began to live? Or do both live now?—and whether distinct or identified? These are interesting questions.

Results of Reading, by J. Stamford Caldwell, M.A.—This is a book made out of many books. Each chapter is composed of a *cento* of passages from vari-

ous authors, all tending to the proof of the same proposition. The compiler's reading has been extensive rather than varied, and his tastes and sympathies are narrow. Nor can that literary ambition be of a very high character which contents itself with a mosaic composition like the present; thus taking the trouble to make a book, without acquiring the credit of writing one.

Serious Dissuasions from Popery, by the Rev. E. Mangle.—Wherever we go, whatever we read, we find ourselves now-a-days implicated in the existing theological controversy, which constantly intrudes itself into every subject of study; whether art, science, or philosophy, as well as religion. The above contains reprints of well-known treatises by Tillotson, Hall, and Jeremy Taylor.

The Promised Glory of the Church of Christ, by the Rev. E. Bickersteth,—professes to be thoroughly protestant in its tone, and to oppose what are called "the errors of Tractarians," and to set forth "the Contrast Truths," an elliptical mode of expression of which we cannot quite approve.

The Way which some call Heresy, by A. Jukes.—This is simply a Letter from the author, formerly Curate at St. John's, Hull, to his friends, containing his reasons for separation from the Established Church.

Outline of the Operations of the British Troops in Scinde and Afghanistan, betwixt November, 1838, and November, 1841; with Remarks on the Policy of the War, by G. Buist, L.L.D.—This is a compilation by the Editor of the *Bombay Times*, and appeared originally in that journal, from the information received by him in that capacity from the seat of war. He mentions among his advantages that "of knowing his authorities, which the public were compelled to take on trust." Thus he could satisfy himself of the weight that ought to attach to every statement before he made it public. The narrative comes down to the Ghilzie insurrection.

Love and Jealousy: a Tragedy for the Millions.—This is a *jen d'esprit* of a kind so old-fashioned as now to be almost, if not wholly, obsolete: a burlesque in mock heroic verse, the humour of which consists in the mal-appropriation of poetic diction to vulgar characters. These are a potboy, a dustman, a landlord, a housemaid, a washerwoman, and her daughter. The preface is smartly written—in ridicule of the modern domestic drama—which, after the fashion of Euripides, would not only excite pity for the distresses of its heroes, but for their rags. Not, however, satisfied with these sources of emotion, the playwright is careful that his catastrophe shall be happy, and the sorrows of his *dramatis personæ* relieved by the operatic fascination of song. There is also a sprinkling of ballet and spectacle, which would doubtless be vastly edifying in representation.

The Gleaner, by Mrs. C. J. Parkerson, 2 vols.—A book "gleaned" from other books, new and old. Of the passages from the latter the compiler might allowably make use, but she should have recollected that the former were protected by the law of copyright.

Observations on the Proximate Cause of Insanity, by James Sheppard.—A small treatise, written to suggest that insanity has more connexion with the condition of the blood, than is generally suspected.

A Treatise on the Nature and Causes of Stammering, by a Physician.—An attempt to bring within the province of the medical profession, the treatment of an impediment which, in the writer's estimation, has been too frequently and ignorantly assumed by teachers of elocution and empirics. The writer devotes a Section to the Surgical Treatment of Stammering, and in praise of Mr. Yearsley.

Hamilton's Dictionary of Two Thousand Musical Terms, with an Appendix of Five Hundred other Words, by John Bishop: twentieth edition.—The well-appreciated utility of this work renders it unnecessary to do more than to announce it.

A Treatise on Grammatical Punctuation, by J. Wilson.—Something may be learned from this treatise on a much-neglected subject.

The Dissected Trinomial Cube described and explained. Tangible Arithmetic and Geometry, by Henry Butter.—Two, among the many, ingenious instances of the daily endeavours now making to reduce the difficulties of science, till science shall become the sport of even the meanest capacity.

The policy of this has been doubted. Strength of mind is obtained by exercise, and the experience of difficulties subdued, not difficulties avoided.

Whitley's Application of Geology to Agriculture.—A well written and sensible treatise, not too long, nor yet too technical. The author exhibits a practical knowledge of his subject, especially of such parts of it as are applicable to the West of England.

Geology for Beginners, by G. F. Richardson.—The idea of this book is good, the execution very unequal. To give a brief summary of the elements of the many sciences which go to form Geology, demands a more intimate acquaintance with them than Mr. Richardson appears to possess. Geology, after all, is not a science for beginners. A sound training in the principles of Natural History and of Physics, is the true education for the geologist, after which he should enter at once on the works of the masters of the science. Some of the cuts of fossils in this volume are taken from other works, without due acknowledgment. Cuts 203 and 204 at p. 374, are said to be figures of specimens in the collection of the author, whereas they are copies of cuts 179 and 180 of Mr. Lyell's Elements, being figures of specimens in the collection of Mr. Bowerbank.

The Tree-Lifter; or, a New Method of Transplanting Forest Trees, by Col. G. Greenwood.—The advantages of transplanting by means of the Tree-Lifter described in this little work, appear to be many and great; and we cannot do better than follow the example of Dr. Lindley, in the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, and recommend it to all whom the subject may concern.

The Cambridge University Register and Almanack for 1844, by W. A. Warwick.—Compiled with care, and containing, besides the information of previous editions, the examination papers and an account of the Queen's visit.

List of New Books.—Pindari Carmina, ed. Cookesley, 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.—*The Barons' War*, including the Battles of Lewes and Evesham, by W. H. Blaauw, Estd. crown 4to. 15s. cl.—Colonia and Home Library, Vols. II. and III.—Heber's Indian Journal, 2 vols. post 8vo. 12s. cl.—An Essay on the Distribution of Wealth and on the Sources of Taxation, Part I., "Rent," by Rev. R. Jones, post 8vo. 5s. 6d. bds.—Locke's Philosophical Works, royal 8vo. 14s. cl.—The First Voyage of Rodolph the Voyager, fc. 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl.—The Book of Common Prayer, with Ancient Music, Vol. II. 4to. 22s. 2s. bds.—Nicholson and Rowbotham's Algebra, 5th edit. 12mo. 5s. roan.—Outlines of the History of Ireland for Schools and Families, 18mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Margaret, or the Pearl, by Rev. C. B. Tayler, royal 18mo. 6s. cl.—Oxford University Calendar, 1844, 12mo. 6s. bds.—Hopkins on the Connexion of Geology with Terrestrial Magnetism, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—The Old Dower House, a novel, 3 vols. post 8vo. 12s. 11s. 6d. bds.—Wanderings in Spain in 1843, by M. Harvey, Estd. 2 vols. post 8vo. 12s. 1s. cl.—The Pulpit Cyclopaedia and Christian Minister's Companion, Vol. I., post 8vo. 5s. 6d. cl.—Sir Walter Scott's Poetry, Vol. III. fc. 8vo. 5s. cl.—Shropshire's Thoughts on Private Devotion, 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.—North's Sermons on the Liturgy, post 8vo. 10s. cl.—The Strange Planet, and other Stories, 18mo. 3s. cl.—Conqueror's History of Spain and Portugal, new edit. fc. 2s. 6d. cl.—Knight's Library for the Times. 'Our Indian Empire, Vol. I., square 8vo. 2s. 6d. swd.—The English Maiden, her Moral and Domestic Duties, 32mo. 2s. swd.—Hints to Mechanics, by Timothy Claxton, People's edition, fc. 8vo. 2s. cl.—Archbold's Practice of Attorneys in the Courts of Law at Westminster, 2 vols. 12mo. 17. 12s. bds.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Cairo, January 23, 1844.

Although by the time this reaches you you will have heard of the death of Bogos Bey, it may happen that you are not acquainted with some particulars respecting his funeral, greatly to the credit of the Viceroy; from which one is inclined to believe, that had Mohammed Ali been on the spot at the time of the death of Hanna Bahari, the Minister of the Interior—which took place in Cairo about six weeks ago—[see ante, p. 39] some similar manifestation of his worth would have been exhibited at his funeral also.

Bogos Bey was an Armenian by birth. He had been the faithful and confidential adviser of his Highness, Mohammed Ali, for forty years; and up to the day of his death transacted business in his department of Minister of Foreign Affairs. A few days before his death, perceiving that his malady did not yield to the medicines prescribed by his medical adviser at Alexandria, he sent to Cairo for a German physician (Dr. Pruner), in whom he placed the greatest confidence: unfortunately, however, it was too late; the doctor did not arrive till after the death of the minister, which took place in the afternoon of

the 10th of this month; and the next day the mortal remains of Bogos Bey were carried to the Armenian Church, attended by a few of his countrymen, and some of the European merchants. The news of the death of the prime minister having reached Cairo, Mohammed Ali sent an express to Alexandria to order that a *funzione*, as the Italians call it, should be made to his memory, agreeably to the rites and ceremonies of the Armenian Church, at which all the military and officers of state should attend, to do honour to the remains of his old and faithful servant. Accordingly, on the 18th, the principal merchants and inhabitants of Alexandria, escorted by the military, walked in procession through the town to the Armenian Convent, where the military was drawn up, and fired 2,500 round of cartridge over the grave. In the afternoon, 1,000 loaves of bread, and the flesh of 60 sheep, and several buffalo, were distributed to the poor; and also a sum of money—50 pounds—equal to 250L. Bogos Bey is said to have died in debt, but it is expected that some property he had in houses will be sufficient to pay. He has left a brother, a merchant of Trieste, but no family.

Cairo is full of visitors; some just arrived from Upper Egypt, others from Europe, and not a few from America. Sir Gardner Wilkinson is here; we have also Mr. Lewis (the artist to whom we are indebted for prints of Spanish scenes), collecting materials for pictures of Eastern manners.

No news of the Prussian Mission since it left Korosko.

I return to the Pyramids to-day. I hope to pass some time out of the malaria of this undrained city. Sir G. Wilkinson is also to leave Cairo in a day or two for a visit. I hope of some weeks, to the same spot. If we can but muster two or three more tents, we shall have an agreeable time, and no fear of the Arabs. The weather is mild again: no rains or cold. It is always warmer out of the city in the winter; for owing to the dampness that is retained in the narrow streets, it is very cold, mornings and evenings, and indeed, throughout the day in those places where the sun does not penetrate. The Pasha is still here. Everything goes on as usual: no news but that I send you. Mr. Wild is still up the country. I heard from him at Thebes, on his way south.

Recent Discoveries in Egypt.

A letter has been received by Baron Alexander v. Humboldt from Dr. Lepsius, detailing, at considerable length, his more recent discoveries in Egypt. These partly relate to subjects of interest only to the Greek antiquarian scholar. We shall therefore translate only such portions of his letter as we conceive will interest our readers, merely stating, that Dr. Lepsius has collected from three to four hundred Greek inscriptions of more or less importance, in Egypt and Nubia.

Korosko, Nov. 20th, 1843.

On the 21st of August I left Fayoum with the whole expedition, and started on the 23rd from Beni Suef in a fine spacious vessel. I was obliged to give up our plan of a land journey, as too troublesome, and attended with comparatively little advantage; and yet on the very first day of our Nile voyage, we discovered a small rock temple of the nineteenth dynasty on the right bank near Suranah, which seems not known to Champollion and Wilkinson; it is the most northern temple of the old Pharaohs which Egypt has to show. It was dedicated by Menephrah II. (to use the old terminology) to Hathor; Menephrah III. has added his devices in the interior, and those of Ramses IV., the head of the twentieth dynasty, are to be found outside the rock.

I am surprised that Champollion does not seem to have recognized the monuments of the old kingdom. He only remarked, in his whole journey through central Egypt to Dendera, the rock sepulchres of Benihassan, which he confounds with the "Speos Artemidos," and these seemed to him to be works of the sixteenth or seventeenth dynasty, and therefore of the new kingdom. He also names Saniet el Maiten and Siut, but makes scarcely any remark on them. Others also have either said nothing, or fallen into error respecting these monuments of central Egypt, so that everything which I found here appeared new to me. Judge then of my surprise, when we discovered, at Saniet, a row of sixteen rock tombs, which gave us the names of their occupants, and

belonged to the times of the sixth dynasty, and therefore, reached almost to the time of the great pyramids. Five of them contained the devices of the long-lived (Makrobiot) Apappus Pepi, who was 106 years old, and reigned 100 years. One dated from old Cheops, and another from the times of Ramses. In Benihassan I had the whole of a rock tomb drawn: it will present a specimen of the magnificent architecture and art of the best times of the old monarchy under the mighty twelfth dynasty. I think it will make some stir among the learned in Egyptian lore, when they see, in connexion from the work of Geb. Rath Bunsen, why I have ventured to transfer several well known monuments from the new to the old monarchy. That this was a glorious period for Egypt, is proved by these magnificent sepulchral halls alone. It is interesting, too, in these rich representations on the walls, showing as they do the degrees of the peaceful arts, and the exquisite luxury of the great of those times, to read the presages of the mishaps connected with the sudden fall of that last dynasty of the old monarchy which brought them for several centuries under the power of their northern foes. In the gladiatorial games, which frequently occupy whole walls, and form a characteristic feature of those ages, pointing us to a far extended custom, which, in later times almost disappeared, we often find among the red and dark-brown faces of Egyptian or other races of the south, men of light complexions, generally with red hair and beards and blue eyes, sometimes singly, and sometimes in small groups. These people appear often in the dress of servants, and are plainly of northern, at any rate of Semitic origin. We find, on the monuments of those times, victories of the kings over Ethiopians and negroes; there would, therefore, be nothing surprising in black slaves or servants. We find nothing, however, of wars against their northern neighbours, but it appears, that the immigrations from the north-east had already commenced, and that many wanderers sought, in luxurious Egypt, a maintenance either as servants or in some other way. In these remarks, I am thinking especially of that very remarkable scene on the grave of Nhera-se-Numetep, which brings before our eyes, in such lively colours, the entrance of Jacob with his family, and would tempt us to identify it with that event, if chronology would allow us (for Jacob came under the Hyksos), and if we were not compelled to believe that such family immigrations were, by no means, of rare occurrence. These were, however, the forerunners of the Hyksos, and doubtless, in many ways, paved the way for them. * * Champollion considered these people to be Greeks, when he was at Benihassan; he did not, however, then know how ancient were the monuments before him. Wilkinson thought them prisoners, but this view is contradicted by their appearing with their wives and families, baggage and asses: I consider them to be an immigrating Hyksos family, begging for admittance into the favoured land, and whose arrival probably opened the gates of Egypt to their kindred, the Semitic conquerors. The town to which this stately necropolis of Benihassan belonged, must have been very important, and, doubtless, was situated opposite on the left bank of the Nile, as were nearly all of the more important cities of Egypt. It will not seem strange, that Greek and Roman geography knew no more of this city, than of many other towns of the old monarchy, when we remember that the power of the Hyksos, of 500 years' duration, intervened. One seems to read, in the unfinished state of many of the tombs, the lack of inscriptions is still more, and the non-completion of the way up the steep bank of the river to them, the sudden nature of the fall of the monarchy and of this once flourishing city. Nor is Benihassan the only town where we meet with works of the twelfth dynasty. A little south of the vast plain on which the emperor Hadrian erected, in memory of his drowned favourite, the city of Antinoë, with its gorgeous and still partly remaining streets with their hundreds of columns, there descends, towards the east, a narrow dell, in which we found a whole row of nobly executed tombs of the twelfth dynasty, of which, however, the great part are unhappily defaced. On the tomb of Ki-set-Tuthetep, is represented the transport of the great colossus, already published by Rosellini, though without the accompanying inscriptions, from which we learn, that the colossus was made of limestone (the

hieroglyphical expression for which I first became acquainted with here), and that it was about two feet high. In the same valley, on the southern wall of rock, is another row of tombs, with but few inscriptions, but which, to judge by the style of the hieroglyphics and the titles of the dead, belongs to the sixth dynasty. * * In Siut we recognized, from some distance, the magnificent style of the rock sepulchres of the twelfth dynasty. But here, also, ruin has been at work in modern times, it having been found more convenient to break off the walls and columns of these grottoes than to cut building stones out of the massive rock. I learned from Selim Pasha, the governor of Upper Egypt, who received us in a most friendly way at Siut, that, a few months before, quarries of alabaster had been discovered a short distance off in the direction of the eastern mountains, the excavation of which had been committed to him by Mohammed Ali; and I heard from his dragoman, that there was an inscription to be found on them. I accordingly set off, on a hot ride to the place appointed, the next morning, and found there a little colony, in all thirty-one people, in the solitary, desert, burning cave. Behind the tent of the overseer, I discovered the remains of an inscription, recently much longer, but still containing the name and title of the wife, so much honoured by the Egyptians, of the first Amasis, the founder of the eighteenth dynasty which drove out the Hyksos, engraved in clear, sharply cut, hieroglyphics. These are the first alabaster quarries whose age can be proved by an inscription: upwards of 300 blocks, the largest eight feet long, two thick, have been cut out during the last four months. The Pasha informed me, by his dragoman, that I might have, on my return, a slab of the best quality, of whatever size I chose to fix on, as a testimony of his joy at our visit. The quarries as yet found lie all between Bersch and Gauata; one would, therefore, feel inclined to think El Bosra the old Alabastron, if one could reconcile with it the passage in Ptolemy; at any rate, Alabastron can have nothing to do with the ruins in the valley of El Amazna, with which the description in Ptolemy as little agrees. * * We remained in Thebes twelve days—twelve astounding days—which scarcely sufficed for glimpse of all the palaces, temples and tombs, whose gigantic and royal magnificence fills the vast plain. In the gem of all the Egyptian public buildings—the palace of Ramses Seosotris, which this mightiest of the Pharaohs raised, worthily of the god and himself, to the honour of their highest divinity, Ammon Ra, the king of gods, the protector and patron of the royal city of Ammon, on a gently sloping terrace, calculated to command the wide plain, and looking over the majestic river, to the distant Arabian mountain chain, we celebrated the birthday of our beloved king, with firing of guns and waving of flags, with chorals songs and hearty toasts, drunk in a glass of genuine Rhine wine. I need hardly add, that on such an occasion we did not omit to think of you. As night closed in, we lit two cauldrons of pitch, at the entrance of the temple, on both sides of which our banners were planted: we also kindled a large bonfire at the Pronaos, which shed a glorious light on the magnificent proportions of the column-supported hall, which for the first time for centuries we were restoring to its primitive purpose of a festive hall, a "hall of panegyrics," and cast a magic gleam on the two mighty, calm, colossal Memnons. * * The temple of Edfu is one of the best preserved, and was dedicated to Horus and Hathor, the Egyptian Venus, who was at one time entitled here queen of men and women. Horus as a child is here represented like all Egyptian children—at any rate all infants—naked and with his finger on his mouth. I had some time since made out of the inscription the name of Harpocrates, but here I have found it represented and written *en toutes lettres* as Har-pe-chreti, i. e. Horus the child. The Romans misunderstood the Egyptian gesture of the finger, and made out of the infant that cannot speak, the god of silence that will not speak. The most interesting inscription, which has not as yet been noticed or mentioned by any one, is that on the eastern outside wall, built by Ptolemy Alexander I., in which a large historical inscription mentions several dates of kings Darius, Amyrtæus and Nectanebus, and appears to relate to the building of the city and temple. The day was so overpoweringly

hot, that I was obliged to defer a closer investigation and the copying of the inscription till our return, till which time we have delayed all the more laborious work; but even then the selection from the inexhaustible materials, all more or less adapted to our purpose, and this too with reference to what is already published, will be far from easy.

In Assuan we were obliged to change our vessel, on account of the cataracts, and had for the first time for six months one of the pleasures of home, in the shape of abundant rain, and a tremendous storm, which gathered on the other side of the cataract, rolled violently over the granite belt, and then hurried on amid terrific explosions down the valley, to Cairo, (as we afterwards heard,) which it flooded in a manner almost unheard of, within the memory of the inhabitants. So we can say with Strabo and Champollion: "In our time it rained in Upper Egypt." Rain is indeed so rare here that our watchmen had never seen such a sight, and our Turkish *Cavass*, who knows the country well in all respects, when we had long since carried our baggage into the tents and caused them to be more firmly fastened, did not offer to move his own property, but continued repeating *abden moie*, "never rain," words which he was obliged to hear often afterwards, as a severe illness compelled him to remain some time patiently at Philae.

Philae is as charmingly situated as it is interesting through its monuments. Our residence of eight days on this holy island is one of the most cherished recollections of our journey. We used to assemble after our desultory day's labour, before we sat down to dinner, on the lofty terrace of the temple which hangs steep over the river, on the eastern coast of the island, and watch the shadows of the sharply cut, well preserved dark blocks of sandstone, of which the temple is built, growing over the river and blending with the black volcanic masses of rock, piled wildly one upon the other, between which the yellow sand seemed pouring like streams of fire into the valley. This island appears to have acquired its sacred character late, under the Ptolemies. Herodotus, who himself ascended the cataracts under the Persians, does not mention Philae; indeed it was then held by the Ethiopians, who even possessed half of Elephantine. The oldest buildings on the island are of a date 100 years after Herodotus' visit, erected by the last king of Egyptian descent, Nectanebo, on the southern point of the island. There is no trace of older remains in any state of ruin. Much older inscriptions are to be found on the large neighbouring island of Bigeh, whose hieroglyphical name was Senem, and which was adorned during the old monarchy with Egyptian monuments; for we found there a granite statue of King Sesostris III. of the twelfth dynasty. The little rocky island of Konosso, called in hieroglyphics the isle of Kenes, contains some very old inscriptions, and has introduced to me a previously unknown monarch of the age of the Hyksos; but this island is clearly not Abaton, as Letronne has imagined. The hieroglyphical name of Philae has hitherto been erroneously read Manlak. I have found the word written Ilak; from this, combined with the article, arose Philak, and hence the Greek Philae: but why in the plural? There appears originally to have been a group of islands; Pliny mentions four, if the text be accurate. The mark which Champollion read "man" I have found interchanged with the *i*, so that the inscription is now clearly Ilak and Jueb, which last I take to be Abaton. In the court-yard of the great temple of Isis we made a valuable discovery, namely, two decrees (?) of the Egyptian priests, containing a tolerable number of words in two languages, i.e. hieroglyphic and common, one of which contains the same text as the decree of the Rosetta stone. At least, I have compared the seven last lines, which not only correspond with the inscription of Rosetta in their contents, but also in the respective length of the lines. The inscription must first be drawn out before I can pronounce farther on it; at any rate it will be no unimportant acquisition to Egyptian philology, if only a part of the broken decree of Rosetta can be completed by it. The whole of the first portion of the inscription of Rosetta, which precedes the decree, is wanting here. Instead of this there is on the side a second decree, relating to the same Ptolemy Epiphanes: in the introduction is mentioned the

fortress of Alexander, i.e. the city of Alexandria, being the first mention of it on any monuments with which we are as yet acquainted. Both decrees close, as does the inscription of Rosetta, with the direction to set up the inscription in the hieroglyphic and common languages, and in Greek. Here the Greek is wanting, unless it was written in red and washed away when Ptolemy Lathyrus cut his hieroglyphical inscriptions over the earlier ones. The hieroglyphical genealogy of the Ptolemies here begins again with Philadelphus, while in the Greek text of the Rosetta inscription it begins with Soter. Another remarkable fact is, that here Epiphanes is called the son of Ptolemy Philopator and Cleopatra, while according to historical accounts Arsinoë was the only wife of Philopator, and is so called in the inscription of Rosetta and on other monuments. She is certainly called Cleopatra in a passage of Pliny; but this would have passed for an error of the historian or copyist, were not the same change of name confirmed by a hieroglyphical and official document. There is, therefore, no more ground to place the sending of Marcus Attilius and Marcus Aelius by the Roman senate to Egypt, to form a new treaty on account of the Queen Cleopatra, mentioned by Livy, under Ptolemy Epiphanes, as Champollion-Figeac does, instead of Ptolemy Philopator, as other historians do. We must rather suppose, either that the wife and sister of Philopator bore both names, which undoubtedly does not remove all the difficulty, or that the project mentioned by Appius, of a marriage between Philopator and the Syrian Cleopatra, afterwards wife of Epiphanes, was carried into effect after the murder of Arsinoë, although not mentioned by any historians. We are naturally in want of means to settle clearly this interesting point. There are innumerable Greek inscriptions at Philae, and it will interest Letronne to hear, that I have found on the still remaining base of the second obelisk, of which only a part was carried with its fellow to England, the remains—hard indeed to decipher—a of a Greek inscription written in red, which probably was at one time gilt, like the two last discovered on the base in England. I have already written to him that the hieroglyphical inscriptions of the obelisks, which, together with the Greek of the base, I myself copied in Dorsetshire, and afterwards published in my Egyptian Atlas, have nothing to do with the Greek, and were not inscribed at the same time; but there still remains a question whether the inscription of the second base is not in connexion with that of the first: the interesting correspondence of the three known inscriptions appears at any rate complete in itself. The chief temple in the island was dedicated to Isis, who is called, *par excellence*, Lady of Philae; Osiris was only *συνναος*, which has its peculiar hieroglyphical inscription, and was only *par cortoiose* called sometimes Lord of Philae; on the other hand, he was Lord of Phi-i-ueb, hitherto generally read as Manueb, and Isis was there *συνναος*, and, by courtesy, Lady of Phiaeub. From this it appears that the famous tomb of Osiris is on his own island of Phiaeub, and not on Philae. Both places are marked as islands, and clearly as distinct. We must not, therefore, imagine Abaton to be a particular part of the isle of Philae; it was an island of itself, and doubtless answered to the hieroglyphical Phiaeub. This is expressed clearly by Diodorus and Plutarch when they place it *προς Φαιαυ*. Diodorus marks the island with the grave of Osiris quite distinctly as a separate island, which, on account of this circumstance, was called *ιερον πεδίον* "the sacred plain." This is a translation of Phi-i-ueb, or Ph-ueb (for this *h* is also to be found in the hieroglyphics), in the Coptic Ph-ah-ueb, the sacred field. Diodorus and Plutarch call this sacred field the *Ἄσταρον*, the unapproachable, save and except by the priests. The fact that Diodorus in the same place describes Osiris as *ἐν Φαιαυ κημένον* proves still more clearly what the plural form points at, that the Greeks understood by Philae, not only the island Philae, but the whole group of islands by the cataracts, according to Pliny and others even Elephantine, which lies at the northern extremity of the cataracts. The name Philae is never found in the plural, but in the inscriptions I have discovered the names of eleven different islands, all probably belonging to this group of the cataracts.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

We have sometimes expressed our dislike to the proceedings at the Royal Society; we have now, with feelings of the highest gratification, to record a signal rebuke given to one of its most notorious abuses by the good sense of the meeting of Thursday last, the 29th of February. The Fellows have employed the extra day which leap-year gives them so well, that if exertions of a similar kind were made only once in four years, we are satisfied there would be a strong moral check upon cabal of all kinds. It is well known that it happens every now and then that a set is made against a candidate proposed for election, not on any public grounds, but simply out of personal dislike or old grudge. Such a set succeeded last year in blackballing a public teacher of a branch of science, against whose character, whether as a man of science or of honour, no imputation was ever thrown, and who is as competent to be useful to the Society, as three out of four of its Fellows, at least. On Thursday last this gentleman was again balloted for. The number of Fellows attending was 81, an unusually large number for an ordinary meeting of the Society. Of these 76 voted for the candidate, and 5 against him. The result of the election was received with applause, which is again unusual. Fellows well known in the scientific world, and who can rarely attend, managed to be there on this occasion, and we have little doubt that they were there for no other purpose than to express their opinion of the system. We hope this rebuke is but number one, and that number two is ready, should occasion call for it. Nothing but a most conscientious use of the balloting box can make it respectable: gentlemen should remember that though in a club the black-ball of personal dislike is pardonable, and even desirable, because pleasant association is the main object of the institution, there is no excuse for its introduction into a box which is to decide whether the candidate is or is not a fit and proper person to join in aiding the great cause of human improvement. In no place should this be more uniformly remembered than in the Royal Society, the parent of all our scientific unions: in no place has it been more often forgotten. We trust we are beginning to see better days.

The Cambridge Camden Society has, it appears, carried its "restorations," at the Round Church, somewhat beyond the religious sympathies of the Incumbent, who has given the Society "notice to quit," publicly assigned his reasons, and called on the friends of "the Protestant Reformation" to "support him in his opposition to the introduction of superstition," by subscribing to complete the repairs. The superstitious doings of the Society are thus set forth—they have broken up the communion table, introduced a stone altar, and put in a credence—which, as we learn from the 'Glossary of Architecture,' is "the small table by the side of the altar, or communion table, on which the bread and wine were placed before they were consecrated." Now, with all respect for the sincere on both sides, we must think it most injudicious to bring such discussions before the public—laymen cannot comprehend the "superstitious" difference between stone and wood, or little tables and big tables: it appears to them, that it is superstition to attach the slightest religious importance to either—and equally so, whether it leads to putting them up or pulling them down.

The following inscription, proposed by Lord Mahon, is to be placed on the statue dedicated to Sir David Wilkie, in the vestibule of the National Gallery:—"Sir David Wilkie, R.A., born 1785, died 1st June, 1841—life too short for friendship, not for fame."

The Academy of Sciences, Letters, and Arts, at Besançon, has offered a gold medal, of the value of 300 francs, to be given on the 31st of August next, to the successful candidate, in a competition for the eulogy of Charles Nodier:—and we may mention, that another competitor for that gentleman's vacant chair, at the French Academy, has taken the field, in the person of M. Aimé-Martin. The Paris Academy of Sciences has elected M. Vilmorin, by a majority of forty-four voices, out of forty-five voters, to fill the place of the late M. Mathieu de Dombase, as a corresponding member of that body, in its section of Rural Economy.

The directors of the Italian Theatre, in Paris, have declared war against that particular form of caprice, to which the chiefs of the *corps opéra* seem very inconveniently liable,—in the excesses of which they send down at a late hour, an intimation that it is not their intention to take part in an announced performance, (under cover, generally, of a certificate of illness)—leaving the manager to settle with his audience, for their disappointment as he best can. Fornasari (whose engagement is for 35,000 francs) having, it appears, or is asserted, several times indulged himself in this species of variation upon the theme of his contract, has been summoned before the Tribunal of Commerce, by the director, who claims to have the engagement rescinded. Fornasari pleads his good faith, and the sufficiency of his medical certificates; and the question has been adjourned. Meantime, a disturbance was created at the same theatre, last week, by a new version of the same *Capriccio*, executed by Ronconi—who performed it, as to the main subject, after the fashion of Fornasari, but left wholly out, as an useless incumbrance, the passage making an announcement to the manager. This omission, unquestionably, gave to the performance a bolder and more original character; but the opera-goers were not satisfied. When, after a delay of half an hour beyond the time of commencement, it was announced to them, that "Signor Ronconi, in failure of his duty, had not presented himself at the theatre, and that there would in consequence be no performance," neither the offer to return the money paid, nor the attitude of the police, who prepared to clear the house, could allay the tempest of disapprobation, or induce the audience to go away songless. Finally, the *Elisir d'Amore* was substituted for the *Barber of Seville*; and the manager will, it is said, proceed at law against Ronconi also.

Letters from Naples mention, that meteorological observatory has been erected on Vesuvius. It is in the form of a tower, and stands a little above the Hermitage, 2,082 feet above the level of the sea. On the upper floor it contains small, but splendidly furnished, apartment for the accommodation of the royal family, when they visit the mountain. This observatory is placed under the same direction as the Royal Observatory at Naples. It will be opened in the course of the next month.

From Alexandria we hear that the Pasha is about to rout one more of the monsters of the desert—by boring for water between Cairo and Suez, which he expects to find, sweet, at the depth of 1000 feet. For this purpose he is awaiting an apparatus, ordered from England, calculated for boring to the depth of 1500 feet. No mention is yet made of the introduction of wood-paving, or the new sweeping-machine, into this disenchanted region; but they will follow in their turn.

Messrs. Hodges and Smith, of Dublin, have announced their intention, if secured against loss by a subscription for 200 copies, to publish *The Annals of the Four Masters*, with an English translation and notes by Mr. O'Donovan. It is observed in the Prospectus, that "until the very recent exertions of the Irish Archaeological Society, it might fairly have been said, that, since the publication of Sir Richard Cox's 'Hibernia Anglicana,' there had been no addition made to the materials of mediæval Irish history, with the single exception of the splendid collection of Irish Annals translated into Latin by Dr. Charles O'Conor, and given to the world, by the munificence of the late Duke of Buckingham, under the title of 'Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores Veteres.' The publication of that great work was hailed with extraordinary satisfaction by men of learning at home and abroad, who were then for the first time put in possession of the actual text of some of the most ancient chronicles of Western Europe, and from which a judgment might be formed not only of the social state, but also of the taste and genius of a people so long separated from the other branches of the European family, and who had preserved the characteristics of their Celtic origin, so long after the total obliteration of all such vestiges from the institutions and the literature of the surrounding nations. But, unfortunately, the annals published at Stowe were only given down to the arrival of the English in the 12th century. Of the 'Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores' the most voluminous and most interesting

part is that of the Four Masters. The early portion of these Annals, as of all the others, is, as has been observed, brief, and even meagre in its notices, and valuable chiefly for the settlement of ancient topography and family history; but from the 12th and 13th centuries onward, the narrative is copious and graphic, and abounds with varied incident and characteristic details. This hitherto unpublished portion, extending from A.D. 1172 to A.D. 1616, and of which the original authorities are now, in great part, lost, comprises more than three-fourths of the entire compilation; so that the proposed publication may be regarded as virtually giving these Annals to the world for the first time."—Mr. Murray will also shortly publish "Oregon, California, and other territories on the North-West Coast of North America." By Robert Greenhow, Librarian to the Department of State of the United States."

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL.

The Gallery for the EXHIBITION and SALE of the WORKS of BRITISH ARTISTS is OPEN DAILY from Ten in the Morning until Five in the Evening.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 1s.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

Will be shortly Closed.

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.

The Two Pictures, now exhibiting, represent the CATHEDRAL of NOTRE DAME at Paris, with effects of Sunset and Moonlight, painted by M. RIBAUX, and the BASILICA of ST. PAUL, near Rome, before and after the restoration, painted by M. LALANNE, which is exhibited Daily at Three o'Clock, and at Eight in the Evening.—LONGBOTTOM'S OPAQUE MICROSCOPE, NEW DISSOLVING VIEWS, COSMORAMIC VIEWS, &c. MODELS of all kinds of STEAM ENGINES and other MACHINERY in MOTION. Admission 1s.—Schools Half-price.

Prospectuses of the Classes for private instruction may be had of the Secretary.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—Feb. 26.—R. I. Murchison, Esq., President, in the chair.

The Hon. Robert Clive, M.P., W. Forsyth, Esq., George Vacher, Esq., were elected Fellows.

A letter was read from Chevalier Schomburgk, dated Demerara, 16th January, by which it appears, that he had suffered from the sudden transition from his active life, during his late explorations, to sedentary labours since his return to Demerara. To regain health, therefore, he had started up the Essequibo to the junction of that river with Mazaruni and Cuyuni, the site of her Majesty's penal settlement. In this excursion he had ascertained the latitudes of the more remarkable points, the progress of the tidal wave, the velocity of sound, and taken from 800 to 900 soundings. He further states, having observed since the 12th of January, the luminous part of a comet very low in the horizon, between the stars α Argus, and α Eridani; the nucleus, however, had not been, and the position of the comet was probably too low to be visible in England.

The Secretary then read a short account of the Regency of Tripoli in the West, by Col. Warrington, H.M. Consul-General in that country.—The port of Tripoli is described as tolerably good for vessels of 900 tons, and is capable of great improvement: the soil in the neighbourhood extremely fertile, vegetables of all kinds are produced, dates are the staple food, besides which, oranges, lemons, pomegranates, figs, almonds, &c. are indigenous; exotic fruits do not thrive here. Near the mountains the herbage is luxuriant in the winter, and capable of supporting millions of sheep; an unusual quantity of rain (25 inches) had fallen from October 1841 to April 1842, but not more at any time than $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches in twenty-four hours. The temperature in the shade had never been above 94°, nor below 40° Fahr. The town of Tripoli contains 1,200 Turks and Moors, about 1,500 Christians, and 2000 Jews. The population of the whole regency may be estimated at 1,500,000, of whom 200,000 are capable of bearing arms. The climate is considered by the consul, who has resided there more than twenty-seven years, the best in the world, and the people live to a great age. Agriculture is in the most primitive state; the ground is barely scratched by a light plough drawn by a camel, and the grain thrown in: from this they reap thirty for one. The Arabs here have the same virtues and vices for which they are generally known. The revenue of the re-

gency, at the time the account was written, was about 300,000 dollars; but when the Arabs are at peace it is much greater. Among the items which compose it is a tax on murders, producing 30,000 dollars, or about sixty murders at 500 dollars each. The exports of Tripoli are olive oil, madder root, saffron, senna, skins, ostrich feathers, bullocks, and red pepper; from the interior, gold dust, ivory, ostrich feathers, choice gums, indigo, skins of wild and domestic animals, trona (natron), &c. The quantity of sulphur is inexhaustible; the cultivation of the vine is increasing rapidly, and a flourishing trade in wine might be established; labour and good government are alone wanting to the production of unbounded wealth, to the progress of civilization, and the abolition of slavery. Colonization by Christians or Turks is impossible, but there exists a good feeling towards the English, who could establish and derive immense benefits from commercial relations with Tripoli.

The business of the evening concluded with an account of the course of the river Hawash, and its termination in the lake Abbihad, by Mr. Charles Johnston. This river runs along the south-eastern foot of the great Abyssinian plateau, from the scarp of which it receives all its tributaries. On approaching the lake the bend of the river is cut off by a canal, thus forming an island of Oussa; the lake is without outlet, and is about six miles in diameter. The country is everywhere volcanic, and Mr. Johnston thinks it is still undergoing changes from the effect of subterranean forces.

GEOPOLITICAL SOCIETY.—Feb. 21.—The President, Mr. Warburton, in the chair.

The following papers were read:—

1. "Some account of the Strata observed in the course of the Blechingly Tunnel, Surrey, in the year 1841," by Mr. Simms.—The tunnel was carried through a spur of a range of hills, formed by the escarpment of the lower green sand. In the line of the cutting, the spur consisted chiefly of Weald clay, and proved to form part of an anticlinal axis, which extends across the Weald from the chalk of the North Downs, in Surrey, between Merstham and Garstone, to the chalk of the South Downs, in Sussex, near Ditchling.

2. "Some Remarks on the White Limestone of Corfu and Vido," by Captain Portlock, R.E.—The author has found fossils in the limestone of Vido. They are very locally distributed—Ammonites in one place, and Terebratulae in another; the former in bad condition, the latter very perfect. They appear to be nearly allied to *Terebratula pala* and *T. resinipinata*, oolitic species, and to a species from Dundry. Captain Portlock regards them as new, and names the species *T. Seatonii*; inferring, from their presence, that the limestone in question is probably oolitic.

3. "Remarks on Sternbergia," by Mr. J. S. Daws.—The author considers the fossils of this anomalous genus of extinct vegetables as merely casts of the medullary cavities of exogenous trees, similar to that at Darlaston, lately described. The transverse plates which compose the interior of some of these borders, he considers as agreeing with the laminae of the pith; and the rings on the external surface of others as produced by the same cause. He described specimens where the so-called Sternbergia formed the centre or pith of fossil stems.

4. "On a Fossil Crustacean, from New Holland," by Prof. Thomas Bell.—This, the only fossil crustacean as yet found in Australia, was procured by Lieutenant Emery, and forwarded by Mr. W. S. Macleay, who considered it as probably a Thalassina. Prof. Bell regards it as a new Thalassina, nearly allied to the only known living species of that genus, and names it *T. antiqua*.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—Feb. 27.—The President in the chair.—The discussion on the subject of screw propellers was continued. The main dimensions of the *Princeton*, U.S. steam frigate, were given: she is 164 feet long, 30 feet beam, 22 feet 6 inches deep in the hold, draws 17 feet 6 inches water, and the propeller makes 32 revolutions per minute. The engines have two semi-cylindrical steam cylinders, or chests, containing vibrating pistons, or flaps, with cranks upon the ends of their suspending pivots; both these are coupled by connecting rods to a main crank on the driving shaft; the length of these cranks are so

portioned that their alternate vibrations produce a rotatory motion of the main crank, and thus act directly upon the propeller without the intervention of bands or gearing. This principle was some years since tried successfully by Capt. Ericson in a tug boat on the Thames, named the *Robert Stockton*, after the projector, who has been the means of introducing the system into the American navy, and now commands the *Princeton*. It was mentioned, that recently, on being examined at Marseilles, the cast iron propeller of the *Napoleon*, French steamer, was found to be much affected by the galvanic action of the copper sheathing in the salt water, and was fast turning into a substance resembling plumbago, which was so soft as to be cut easily with a knife. Some remarks were also made on the state of the metal guns recovered from the *Royal George*; but it appeared from examination of the effect of salt water alone upon cast iron, without the contact of other metals to produce galvanic action, that good, hard, grey, cast iron might be used for piles, or other hydraulic works, with great advantage, and instances were given of cast iron which exhibited no appearance of change after sixteen years' immersion in salt water and silt. A further discussion also occurred on the subject of valves for pumps, and then a paper was read giving a description, by Mr. Rhodes, of a bridge built of cast iron girders upon timber piles, having a swivel bridge at one extremity, with an opening of 40 feet span, through which the navigation of the river was carried on. The total length of the bridge, exclusive of the width of Hayes Island, was stated to be 558 feet 6 inches; it stretches across the river Shannon at Portumna by 13 openings of 20 feet each, from the Tipperary shore to Hayes Island, which is in the centre of the river, and thence by 12 openings, of a similar span, and a swivel bridge of 40 feet span, to the Galway shore. The construction, which was executed from the designs of Mr. Rhodes, was described and illustrated by drawings, showing every detail of the works, which were stated to have cost £4,131.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—Feb. 23.—Prof. Forbes 'On the light thrown on Geology by Submarine Researches.' Having alluded to the researches of two Italian naturalists, Donati and Soldani, who dredged the Adriatic about the middle of the last century, Prof. Forbes entered on the important inferences which he had derived from similar investigations in the Irish Channel, and in the Archipelago. His first conclusion was, that marine animals and plants are grouped, according to their species, at particular depths in the sea, each species having a range of depth appropriated to itself. Prof. Forbes illustrated this assertion by a diagram, indicating the plants and animals respectively inhabiting what he termed the *littoral zone*, which extends immediately from the coast—the *laminarian zone*, where the broad-leaved fuci are most abundant—the *coralline*, in which there is an assemblage of mollusca, especially bivalves and corals, and the *deep sea coral*, so called because it only we find examples of large corals on the British shores. Prof. Forbes next alluded to the fact of the number of species diminishing according to depth, so that by gaining an accurate knowledge of the Fauna and Flora, appropriated to various sea-bottoms, the naturalist can infer their depth—no plants are found below 100 fathoms, and the probable zero of animal life is at 300 fathoms. Sedimentary deposits below this depth are consequently destitute of organic matter. This circumstance bids the geologist to be cautious in inferring that any stratum was formed before the creation of animals, on no other account than that it is devoid of organic remains: he should rather conclude from such deficiency, that the stratum was deposited in very deep water.—Prof. Forbes next remarked that British species are found throughout the zones of depth in the Mediterranean Sea; but that in that sea, the proportion of northern testacea in the lower zones greatly exceeds that in the upper, so that there is a representation of climates, or parallels of latitude, in depth. The fourth proposition advanced by the Professor, was, that all varieties of sea-bottom are not equally capable of maintaining animal life. The sandy parts are usually the deserts. Hence the scarcity of fossils in sand-stone: though traces of worms (which inhabit the sand) are found in ancient sand-stones. As each

animal is not able to live, except on its own locality, those marine animals, as the scallop, which are gregarious, deteriorating the ground when they increase beyond a certain extent, die; then the place becomes silted up, the ground changes, and another race occupies it. This fact explains the phenomena of distribution of organic remains in rocks—i. e. their being grouped together in separate strata, fossiliferous strata alternating with those which are free from organic remains.—Prof. Forbes proceeded to observe, that such animals as are common to many zones of depth, are those which have the greatest horizontal range in space, and are generally those which are present in the tertiary deposits; and thus it is that the most generally-distributed fossils are such as are found in the greatest number of formations; because these are necessarily the most independent of destroying influences. But, on the other hand, as the elevation or depression of strata to a very small extent would destroy the species peculiar to any zone, or to the zone above or beneath it, it becomes an important inquiry how this destruction is compensated. In dealing with this question, Prof. Forbes announced a most important law in zoology, one altogether new to ourselves—viz. *That the mollusca migrate*. He discovered by his own observation, that this is the case even with the limpets, the most fixed of all species. This migration occurs in their egg-state, when the ova are strung together, and floated over the ocean, from shore to shore. In the larva state they are swimmers. In fact, they commence their life in form closely analogous to that which is permanent among the pteropods. But, though in this state they can live in any zone, they cannot arrive at perfection except in the peculiar zone to which they are adapted. This accounts for the very imperfect shells of prematurely dying mollusca being found at a low depth. Professor Forbes concluded his communication by noticing its bearings on the views of the most eminent geologists of our time. 1st. With regard to Mr. Lyell's principle of distinguishing tertiary strata by the per-centages of recent species in each. This is confirmed by Prof. Forbes's investigations; only in using Mr. Lyell's criterion, the element of depth, which gives climatal character in living animals, must be taken into account. 2nd. Prof. Forbes next noticed that Sir H. De la Beche had hypothetically anticipated, what his researches established, the representations of climates and depth, ten years ago. 3rd. He lastly ascribed to Viscount d'Archiac and M. de Verneuil, the credit of having announced (what he had observed and mentioned in the course of his communication) that species which are found in a great number of localities, and in very distant countries, are always those which have lived during the formation of several successive systems.

METINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- SAT. Asiatic Society, 2 p. m.
MON. British Architects, 8.
Royal Academy.—Sculpture.
Entomological Society, 8.
Chemical Society, 8.
TUES. Horticultural Society, 3.
— Cheltenham.—Description of a Bridge over the River Whitsandier at Allanton, by J. T. Syme.—Description of a cast and wrought iron trussed Girder for Bridges, with a series of experiments on their strength, by F. Nash.—Account of the building of the Wellington Bridge over the River Avon at Loddon, by J. Tamperley.—The Monthly Ballot will take place.
- Linnæan Society, 8.
- WED. Geological Society, half-past 8.
Society of Arts, 8.—Mr. Rotch will describe an improved Syphon for sick and invalids' Turntable.—The Secretary will describe Robson's Signal Light. The result of the recent experiment, as to daily cleansing the public thoroughfares, will be given.
- THUR. Royal Society, half-past 8.
Royal Academy.—Painting.
Zoological Society, 8.
Society of Antiquaries, 8.
FRI. Astronomical Society, 8.
Royal Institution, half-past 8.—Mr. Cotam 'On Mechanics as applied to Agriculture.'

FINE ARTS.

VULCANIAN ARCHITECTURE.

A paper on the restoration of St. Stephen's Spire, Vienna, read at the Institution of British Architects, and reported by the *Athenæum* (No. 846), has even a more than architectural interest; it serves to illustrate the progress of human knowledge, and to show how compatible is a vast deal of movement with very little advancement. There may be progressions in various provinces, but retrogressions in perhaps as many others; and the sum of the former, minus the amount of the latter, would exhibit zero for the sur-

plus oftener than most people imagine. Human knowledge, if thus considered, will appear to expand somewhat like a gridiron pendulum, whose alternate bars contract while their companions lengthen, so that the whole remains, a prodigious time, of the self-same dimensions. Human intellect, again, if it does march, marches at about the pace of my Uncle Toby, putting one foot before the other, without advancing an inch. Contrary to Swift's maxim, we hold that a specimen-brick *may*, by times, tell us little of the structure from which it was taken; and we think the one above, taken from the Temple of Architecture, tells a lamentable tale respecting its present condition. It reveals rather more than a Babylonian tile does of Belus's Tower, and in far less cryptic characters. The imperial architects, it would appear, have raised St. Stephen's dilapidated spire to its ancient stupendous height, not by means of lawful masons' work, but blacksmiths—they have restored the pyramidal part (above one-third of the whole altitude) not with stone, but iron! Exquisite and appropriate finish—just as Samoyeds might tip the imperial sceptre, if they got hold of it, with a fish-bone! Barbarians—so our super-civilized contemporaries call them—built up that epitome of the sublime and beautiful—to which Cleopatra's Needle was a needle—than whose topmost stone no loiter above earth's surface did mortal hand ever lay (except what said barbarians posited also); yet modern "progressives," either through want of genius, pure artistic taste, masonic power, or—the fatallest among all defalcations—want of *inspiring will*, tremble at a like attempt, and instead of a proper apex, put upon the stone frustum of the tower an enormous iron fool's cap—fit emblem of their deserts who ordained it! This forging a steeple implies we allow, some progress in the arts, but retrogression too, far greater, because in a nobler province. The sun of mental enlightenment, we suspect, about which flatters of themselves along with their age, hold such stentorian discourses, gets almost as many new spots, year by year, as it gets rid of: it shone, perhaps, throughout the "Dark Ages" pretty much as it does at present, save that our metaphorical Dan Sol "tricks his beams" a little better. Spirits of the Old Free Masons, bear this—a foundry for Gothic Architecture! Spires to be cast like lamp-posts: pinnacles, canopies, crockets, finials—all the delicate and decorative details of your exquisite style to be made per pattern, and moulded per gross, like cheap stoves, irons, fenders, snuffer-dishes, inkstands, metal buttons, and brads! Ready-made cathedrals will no doubt soon be ordered from the mine's mouth for European cities, like palaces for Timbuctoo! Vulcan, the god of blacksmiths, will become the god of architects: England, above all other lands, bids fair to make his anvil her chief altar, and, as the Lipari Isle of yore, to resound his name and his hammer throughout her subterranean dominions.

Vulcan domus, et Vulcania nomine tellus,
Huc tunc Ignipotens celo descendat ab alto!

We do not, by these remarks, mean any impeachment against the merits of iron applied to common domestic, or even public structures, nor, indeed, to divers uncommon, where the more heterogeneous the materials the more suitable they would be: but we would denounce with the force of an interdict, if possible, the adoption of this illegitimate substance in superior edifices, as radically subversive of true architecture—professionally and nationally disgraceful. Let us therefore, enter our humble caveat against the Vulcanian School being commended for imitation among our countrymen. Some connoisseurs might deem an iron or a leaden, or a wooden, yes, a leathern steeple on Westminster Abbey middle tower better than none, and the mongrel addition to St. Stephen's, at Vienna, may stand excused by such an alternative; nevertheless, a vicious principle once admitted, furnishes a precedent to be followed when its origin has been forgotten, because mankind has a natural leaning towards the corrupt in fine art, as well as in morals. The school abovesaid does not count its sole disciples amongst the successors of the Huns, nor confine itself to the Carpathian wizards of the Danube; even those learned martinets, the Prussians, sanction it; even their heaven-born *baumeister*, Schinkel, entered himself a pupil! Berlin iron-work having obtained great vogue for its quincailleerie and brittle bijouterie, insect-brooches, and animalculous breast-pins, ladies' clasps, purses, fil-

gree trinkets, puppet statues, and chimney-piece articles of *wirth*—being proper enough, too, perhaps, for coarse or concealed masses of construction—was brought into most abusive use for prominent architectural features—nay, whole national edifices. The *Kreuzberg Denkmal*, by Schinkel himself, and Luther's canopied shrine, at Wittenberg, are examples. We consider this pseudo-masonic system only another version of imitation stone-work; as to principle, not one jot above lath-and-plaster edification: a system brought about among architects by modern middle-class taste—by the self-same low-minded satisfaction with surface effects which gazes enraptured at mock-marble and scagliola columns, “compo” entablatures, *papier-mâché* balustrades, and similar factitious substitutes—which loves them better than the genuine materials, because more applicable to profuse debiment, and easier distorted into novel monstrosities. Found, if needful, a new kind of architecture upon the native character of iron, such as its essence can pervade, its attributes warrant, its powers embrace; let some forgetive brain, in Falstaff's sense, hammer out a solid, sterling system of Vulcanian Architecture, and we shall praise it; but none of your hybrid abortions, begot between metallurgy and masonry, that cohere still worse than the brass and clay of Nebuchadnezzar's image! It may be said, what imports the substance, so as the appearance is agreeable? how should molecular constitution of parts affect their integral masses, whose forms and proportions are alone very important? A reply seems almost superfluous; yet we give it. Besides that bad faith, when appearances do not fulfil their promises, always offends a well-regulated mind—besides that the inward or thorough worth of materials enriches the spectator's imagination—besides that their untractableness overcome enhances his pleasure, as the quantum of skill, toil, and time employed upon all productions augments their value—besides this, we are much disposed to maintain that there exists a bond, indissoluble though indefinable, between beauty of end and legitimacy of means—that the nature of the constructive material suggests, demands, nay, often commands the style of construction; and that, if the former become debased, the latter will degenerate also. We are persuaded the PARTHENON could never have arisen had the Greeks built their temples of cast-iron: no, nor the beautiful Tripod Monument, had their Corinthian capitals been moulded out of the very nicest potter's clay in the Ceramicus, and their columns been the very best stock-brick, covered over with plaster of *Paros*? No more, we affirm, than the Phidian Minerva could have sprung from “Conde's Stone,” as the customary stuff of sculpture, or little wooden lozenges given birth to the rude grandeur of the Appian Way, and such specimens of cyclopean road-making. Such things we will admit possible when beavers can build another Waterloo Bridge with Thames mud and their tails! Augustus, it was said, found Rome brick, and left her marble; yet see how the inveterate use of brick debased the Roman style of architecture, until the native properties of that material absorbed those of the finer one, and brought forth a style (the arched) favourable to their full development. The spirit of the material, as it were, transfigures itself throughout the creation therefrom: the meanness of a material enters into the soul of the artist; understanding by meanness—not commonness (for Grecian and Etruscan vases of most refined elegance are often mere earthenware), but—poor and pitiful mis-adaptedness to the given purpose; this it is which would render an El Dorado, though built of ingots, or Aladdin's palace, though walled with gems, mean architecturally beside a simple Greek fane, whose blocks begot its massive character; and which, on the other hand, permits a Gothic church, of grey stone or rubble itself, to rival Pentelic temples. We shall, perhaps, have the Vulcilians cite King Solomon as patronizing cast-metal pillars. What then? Were either Jews or Gentiles enjoined brazen architecture thereby? Must architects, till the pillars of the world give way, bow down before the brazen images of *Jachin* and *Boaz*? Had these enormous objects no loftier aim, no deeper, where all was symbolic? Briefly—how much does any man know about them?

But hypotheses, reasonable or fanciful, aside, it is amongst the plainest principles of art, we submit, that every material should be made to do its own work,

and not the work of another, unless their qualities have a close similitude. Tempera may sometimes do the work of fresco, oils of either; yet, perhaps, we might date and deduce the downfall of painting from what many persons derive its perfection—Van Eyck's discovery—the substitution of a smooth and luscious medium, whose appropriate productions are small, elegant, and epicurean, for simple water or size, best adapted to the most gigantic efforts, the sublimest and severest trials of the pencil. We would push this principle farther, and contend that no material, while doing its lawful work, should be made to seem as if doing the work of another. Real art rejects all such affectations—virile taste despises all such puerilities. Even when the imitation is unintended, its existence proves either the imitator's faint perception of distinct principles, or his feeble hand, which fails to obey his clear convictions. Look at Henry the Seventh's Chapel: observe its numberless minute, slim, cane-like mouldings, its lath-and-rafter-like ribs and braces, its bird-cage delicacy of screen-work, its panelled surfaces throughout—little distinguishable from *panel*, indeed—does it not seem rather a colossal specimen of joiner's craft than anything else?—carved, morticed, and dovetailed construction of box-wood than a structure of stone? Dexterous, we grant, polydælan (if you please so to call it) in mechanism, fanciful as a frost-work palace in effect; but cast your eyes on the Abbey Choir next it, and behold what a mere bijou, an architectural trinket, it looks compared with the massive grandeur of this! This proclaims itself at once genuine masonry, and thus far, if no farther, much excels its florid neighbour, whose embattlements and enrichments might pass for carpentry. A coral grove may be curious, precious, and beauteous; yet all amateurs (but old children, who still cling to their corals) would prefer an oak forest. The Abbey Choir, we sometimes imagine, turns a huge shoulder of contempt upon the little fretted and frittered appendage behind it, perchance acknowledging about the same relationship to it which Fingal's Cave does to the mermaiden of Staffa's stalactite grotto. Indeed, the Lancet, or Early English style, under this view, surpasses, we think, the Decorated (by many persons deemed the perfectioned) Gothic, as well as the Florid, or decadent. For, beyond dispute, those double-curved and contorted outlines—those ramified cusped and treasured foliations—those antler-spread traceries, make stone pretend to be what it is not—a flexuous substance, make it ape live timber, molten ore, or some pliable compost. Now, though we may consider stone ductile or plastic in statutory and decorative details of architecture, yet, where it forms a principal feature, and marks an architectural style, it should have itself a pure architectural character; it should resemble mason-work, should pronounce itself *stone*, and suggest no adventitious substitute. Thus, a crocket or a corbel may imitate a leaf or a lion's head, because a positive leaf or lion's head stuck upon the place would not de-characterize the edifice; but a window or a parapet should not, strictly speaking, weave its mutations like a vegetable branch, nor twist its bars like iron-work, unless the edifice be built of timber or metal. Even were the Greek Corinthian capital taken from a flower-pot, we see that the core is a stone cylinder, and does not pretend to be a stem of acanthus. These remarks are submitted for a very different purpose from that of disparaging the Decorated Gothic, which we admire and revere: but the true and strict laws of art demand our veneration still more. They, alone, even and anon dunned into the ear, will fright the Isle out of her improprieties, if this be possible. She finds licences enough plucked on every church-wall, through the whole breadth of its flank and length of its steeple: “pneumatic indulgence” for unchasteness in architecture! absolution without either confession or repentance!

Akin to the above principle is another, sinned against as with a cart-rope, with the very loosest libertines, ever since the “Renaissance,” or it might rather be called the *Decadence*, of pure architecture, seeing that the Pointed style is pure architecture, on its own picturesque grounds. But this aforesaid transgression, like an original sin, vitiates a whole species of tectonic productions, though it may leave a certain divine spirit about them still,—we mean Italian edifices. More or less throughout these, pillars, entablatures, and pediments are made to per-

form the part of mere decoration, instead of staminal and horizontal support, and protective shelter, their true business. A colonnade along the entire front of a house supports what?—a cornice! And what does the cornice support?—sparrows! Tiers of little portico-facades, called windows, adorning the same front, what do their pediments protect?—spiders beneath their eaves, mignonne boxes in their balconies, bytimes also glaziers and chambermaids who stand outside to mend the panes or clean them! Yet this at best elegant debasement of the Classic style entitles its professors to pronounce the Pointed “barbarous,” and to boast their wonderful progress beyond the architects of the Middle Ages. Again, let us inquire, did the Goths ever commit such gross acts of artistic bad faith as the Italian school,—disguising, under a thin surface of cut stone, masses of quite a different nature, almost always of a comparatively worthless one, which yet constitute the veritable erections? Excuse this as we may, it must be denominated mongrel architecture. Some of the very grandest efforts in modern constructive art are obnoxious to that name. St. Paul's cupola, despite its many merits, is a much less genuine production than Salisbury steeple; whilst its outward appearance bespeaks a “Pantheon hung in the air,” what sublime elements compose it? Timber and lead! The whole dome, exterior and interior, consists of no less than four distinct materials,—stone, brick, wood, and metal,—thus being a specimen of mason's, bricklayer's, carpenter's, and plumber's work, mix together share and share alike, rather than what it seems and ought to be, part of a masonic edifice. So far forth, it can just as little call itself a legitimate feature, as the iron palisade which fences (we wish it could screen!) that accumulation of architectural absurdities—Buckingham Palace. Wren was no “Goth”—his Westminster-Abbey towers attest this!—but he ranks amongst the very greatest modern architects; he wrote well too on his Art, yet asperses a skill he attempted to rival and failed to reach—the power of “sprouting,” with an “affectation of height and grandeur.”* St. Bride's steeple became unsafe, though it had never been half the height of Strasburg Cathedral, nor stood half the time! Bow's, somewhat about St. Bride's altitude, may stand better,—perhaps much because it employs both within and without Gothic props and principles.

We return from our not altogether irrelevant digression, and repeat—iron should no more pretend to supplant or represent the beautiful stone-work of Pointed edifices, than stone the reticulations and convolutions of chain-work. Frivolous minds or very green experience alone can relish either. Certain Neapolitan statues by one Corradini, a popular sculptor (that is, stone-carver), which exhibit their forms under nets or veils wrought upon the solid marble, our travelled gentlemen and ladies pronounce miracles—and such they are—miracles of the vilest taste and palpable ingenuity. Cast-iron architecture, Classic or Gothic, is still worse, because no miracle, good or bad, at all; it goes to destroy the Art, as a fine art, and will do it if patronized, by substituting machine productions for man's immediate handiwork. Let us assure ourselves of this,—whatever removes the artist's own hand from his material, removes his *spirit* from it also, and just to the same distance. Many mechanic helps between it and him will prove just so many artistic obstacles; his manufactures will augment, but deteriorate. Of the architect at least well may it be sung,

“Ay me what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron!

We have been more serious upon this matter than perchance it deserves; indeed, why should we care much about domes or spires, when Heaven's stupendous cupola stands for ever above our heads, when those numberless crag-pinnacled steeples, built by the Supreme Architect, from the Spitz-horn down to Derbyshire Peak, are within sight of eye or of mind? These will suffice, let man do what he may! But we have said all we have said, because Truth is the greatest of all utilities, being useful even where it illumines perishable, unimportant objects, as its virtue remains in the soul!

* V. Parentalia. These “senseless artificers” (he thus stigmatizes them elsewhere) never like him built a prodigious and prodigal second story as a mere mask to smuggle in foreign conveniences. Such are the concealed flying-buttresses which support St. Paul's spine and hunch,

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

CONCERTS OF ANCIENT MUSIC. NEW ROOMS, HANOVER-SQUARE.—The Directors inform the Subscribers that the FIRST CONCERT will take place on WEDNESDAY, the 13th of March. The Subscribers will commence at the Morning preceding each Concert at Two o'clock. The Concerts will commence at Half-past Eight. The Subscribers are requested to send for their Tickets previous to the Concerts commencing, at Lonsdale's Music-shop, 26, Old Bond-street, where Subscriptions are received, and the Tickets (which are now ready) paid for on delivery. A programme of the Regulations may be had on application.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Le Carnaval de Venise, pour le Violon, par H. W. Ernst, claims attention as setting a vexed question at rest; as reminding us of one of the greatest instrumentalists of the time, who, we are glad to hear, will revisit England this season; and as being in itself full of merit and ingenuity. To ring twenty-six changes on a theme only eight bars long, (for such in reality is the subject 'Cara Mammmina') and devoid of harmonic variety, requires much fancy as well as consummate knowledge of the instrument; and though it must never be forgotten that in these whimsicalities Paganini led the way—Herr Ernst deserves praise, that in adopting the style he was still able to produce something individual. The 'Carnaval' will be capital practice for our violinists, but not one in twenty may hope to play it as written—still less to infuse into it the fire, and caprice, and frolic, which gave it so much fascination in the hands of its composer.

Among the many labourers in the cause of old English music, Mr. Rimbaud has been one of the steadiest and most indefatigable. But if we are to judge him by *Volume First of Vocal Part Music, Sacred and Secular*, he is more patient as an antiquarian than judicious as a selector. There are many faults in this volume. The first is, the indiscriminate use of the *clef* for treble, counter, and tenor parts; some of the words, too, are awkwardly adapted, and a bad English version of Cherubini's 'Perfidia Cloris' is, in this place, indefensible. Then Sir H. R. Bishop's 'Missionary Hymn,' as a hymn, is discreditable to its composer: not a whit more sacred in style than Ford's familiar 'Since first I saw your face,' which immediately follows it. But let us pass to what is better:—to the madrigals by Palestrina, Crecquillon, Cipriano di Rore, Dowland, and Wilbye, for a moment we may maintain what is too much lost sight of, both by the students and the imitators of these ancient compositions, the presence in each of some clear design or first idea, never wholly lost sight of, though as seldom pedantically tormented into an undue and wearisome prominence. Modern tune-makers would sneer, if advised to study, with reference even to their own branch of the craft, the works of the immortal chapel-master of St. Peter's. Yet in all that concerns harmonious and natural progression of sound (an essential thing to the melodist)* infinite good might be derived from a careful and reverential perusal; and one or two specimens could be cited, such as the 'Alta Trinita,' in which he produced a conventional eight-bar tune, of a grace and beauty which put to shame the meagre affectations of to-day. Good vocal writing is scarcely possible, without a thoughtful study of the Italian models, especially for those who are not southern born. One word on a different subject: it was unwise of Mr. E. Loder—seriously and cleverly as he has acquitted himself of his task—to choose for his anthem the words 'I will arise,' since no particular temptation for the composer lies in them; but the contrary: and they have been set, as every child in harmony knows, in one of our gems of English sacred music by Creyghton.

SONGS.

We are Free! Scena: the Poetry by Robert Nicol, the Music composed by Herr Staudigl.—Why music written by singers should, for the most part, be so meagre and valueless, is a matter the investigation of which might lead to some useful warnings and conclusions. A dozen examples recur to us in proof of the fact: the operas of Braham (not forgetting that delectable quartett, 'Mild as the moonbeams') are below the average of English composition; the romances of Duprez cannot approach those composed by the Halévy, and Niedermayers, and Thomases, for the great French tenor. Among the most sterling works of their class have been the songs by Mesdames

* To this sweeping definition a very important exception must be noticed. The secret of French melody lies mainly in its disappointing, not satisfying, the ear.

Malibran and Viardot; but, even in these, the creative mind has been often hampered by the longing for executive display. Some curious specimens, too, by our bass, Mr. Henry Phillips, recur to us, and with these last Herr Staudigl's effort may range. Of course, there is no false grammar in the modulations; but the spirit of the song is turgid and Hudibrastic, and eye and ear may search in vain for a single phrase worth the trouble of printing. In proportion as we hope often to meet Herr Staudigl as a singer of classical music, so we should be sorry further to encounter him as a manufacturer of melo-dramatic no-meaning.

God is my Shield, a paraphrase of the 28th Psalm, written and adapted by W. Bartholomew, Esq., to the music of A. André.—Throughout this song, for mezzo-soprano or baritone, the melody of which is expressive, and the accompaniment sustained with ease and mastery, the words go against, not with, the music. This, though a rare fault with Mr. Bartholomew, is so common with the generality of English adapters, that no instance can be let pass by those desirous of reform. A feeling for rhythm and musical as well as verbal cadence, a thorough knowledge of accent, and a conviction that unless the text can be *read* it will fail of effect when sung, are essentials. How often must they be enumerated, before versionizers listen to the public begins to distinguish?

We shall conclude the present notice with a word on Mr. Knight's last songs. *Kathleen's Lament* (figured by a lithograph on its title-page) is the best, as music, and to make it serviceable, the composer has shown that by substituting one name for another, the dour thereof will suit alike widower and widow. What an evidence we have here of inattention to character? Try the same process with Haydn's canzonets—make, for instance, the 'Mermaid's Song' masculine,—or sing

My father bids me train my hair!

and parody ensues. The inference is worth considering, in spite of the delusive and corrupting examples left by the Catalanians, and Brahmians, and Patons, who have sung the songs of man, woman, or child, without caring a straw what became of the sense, when the galleries were to be 'brought down,' or the gentle piqued into enthusiasm. Mr. Knight's other song, *Fisher! fear not on the Ocean*, is one of the tribe of imitations, the words being a dilution of 'The Pilot,' by Mr. Haynes Bayly. Thus, 'The brave old Oak' was followed by an *arboretum* of ditties; while 'We met' gave birth to 'She sat,' 'They sighed,' 'He asked,' 'You eyed,' and a hundred other conjurations "of thrilling interest." It is time that such silly doings should cease, at once and for ever.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The performance of yesterday week comprised one of Handel's Coronation Anthems, 'My heart is inditing'; Mendelssohn's Psalm, 'As the hart pants'; Haydn's Sixteenth Mass (or *Service*, as it is scrupulously called); Handel's Occasional Overture, and his third Organ Concerto, played by Mr. Brownsmith. If we say that to ourselves the last-mentioned performance was the first in interest, it is not merely because fulfilment so immediately followed expression of a wish (*ante*, p. 140), but from the rarity, as well as the beauty of the entertainment. The grandeur and grace of the work, its fulness of effect as regards orchestral contrast—a thing admirable when the limited means of producing it are taken into account—must have surprised those who, like ourselves, were only familiar with the score. Mr. Brownsmith's performance seemed to us deficient in solidity; nor could we wholly acquiesce in his employment of the several stops. This was a little too much on the principle of the Apollonicon, or to state matters otherwise, a resolution to exhibit all the capacities of his instrument in the smallest possible compass. It is true that as the published score contains no directions whereby to test our criticism, and that as Mr. Brownsmith played from Handel's own MS., it is possible he may have had full warrant for all his contrasts and changes; but we will, nevertheless, venture the remark, from having observed in English organists generally a disposition to this sort of *fancy-work* on their august instrument, which is not shared by the great continental professors. The Concerto was heard with respectful attention by the audience, and enjoyed. It would

be too much, perhaps, to have expected for an entire novelty such plaudits as greet some "grand crash," known by heart, or some favourite singer, with her "dear five hundred friends" in presence. A similar timidity, not to call it indifference, pervaded the reception of all the other works performed. Yet Handel's beautiful Anthem ought to have warmed the public; and in Mendelssohn's Psalm—especially the first chorus and subsequent solo with semi-chorus—there is an union of breadth of outline and delicacy of colour, which must engage, though they may enrapture the hearers less than other Psalms by the composer on loftier passages of Scripture—such, for instance, as the eight-part work, 'When Israel' with its superb 'Hallelujah.' That the Service of Haydn was less relished than it deserved, may have been, in part, inevitable; if there be any truth in our belief, that music expressly calculated for devotional purposes, with pauses and effects dependent upon priest, congregation, and altar, can never be transferred to a spiritual concert without serious damage. We never heard the chorus and orchestra of the *Sacred Harmonic Society* so ready and steady as they were yesterday week. Their coming performance of 'Saul' is a thing to be anticipated with great satisfaction. By the Report, too, we observe conditional promises of Handel's 'Athaliah,' 'Esther,' and 'Belshazzar,' of Purcell's 'Jubilate' in d, and of Beethoven's posthumous Mass. How the last can be properly executed—not painfully got through—is one of the puzzles which all must long to have solved, certain of the movements being of such an outrageous difficulty, as to defy the best-practised executants, and to distance the imagination of any one less high soaring than the composer himself.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.—Chamber music is increasing in vogue, if we are to judge by advertisements. Mr. Salaman, Mr. Chatterton, the harpist, and Mr. Banister, one of the most classical and conscientious of our instrumentalists, are each announcing his series of concerts. Last Monday brought Mr. W. S. Bennett's meetings to a close, with a good selection of music; including Mozart's Sonata in f flat, for piano and violin; Beethoven's passionate solo Sonata in d minor; a charming air, with variations, by Handel, which was new to us; three of the concert-giver's early descriptive *Nocturni*, which we think he has hardly passed; and a MS. *Sestett*. We must ask, however, how a classical musician like Mr. Bennett, in a classical *soirée*, could permit such a piece of improvidence as the execution of the *contralto* solo from 'St. Paul' by Mr. Machin? In itself, the air (if, indeed, it can be called a complete air) loses nine-tenths of its significance when detached from the oratorio, where the effect it makes, by contrast, is one of the best things in modern music: but such a transposition is not sufferable. Who would not shrink from 'He was despised,' that more complete and most expressive of sacred songs, thus treated, even were a Staudigl the singer? Mr. Bennett did not commit the error, it is true, but he sanctioned it; and this renders him amenable to censure.—A second Hebrew Entertainment has been introduced by Messrs. Phillips and Leo, to which our remarks offered on the first may be applied with little variation. The solo sung by Mr. Leo appeared to us to have much ancient traditional feeling, and was dissimilar in style from the vocal music familiar to us.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Since M. Achard's return, the frequenters of this gay little theatre have been enjoying "well-managed mirth" à *désiré*. Unrelieved farce, or mere fun, is always wearisome; but our jovial comedian satisfies his public that laughter may be associated with feeling. In 'La Famille du Fumiste,' for instance, a broad piece of Parisian absurdity, Achard, the chimney-doctor, contrives to show us the homely son, and the disinterested brother, through his artful costume and absurd manners, so clearly, as to keep his hearers in a sort of April condition, which as the lady of quality in the play expressed it, is "vastly inconvenient." Nor is there the slightest touch of mauldin in Jerome's stage-virtus—not the most passing shade of self-consciousness. What a start and scream of laughter would be given were he accused of being a brave and noble-hearted fellow! what a twist of hands and shoulders, as inde-

feasible Parisian as poor Power's gesture, on like occasions, was Milesian! All who are curious in ballad-singing, should listen for the *vaudeville* version of our "Cherry Ripe" here introduced. The audience, generally, do not recognize the tune. In "Le Commissaire et la Grisette," M. Achard throws "grace and goodness" to the winds, and appeals to us on the strength of assurance, appetite, and vivacity. We are not sure but that in the characters of the class *Cabochard*, whereof *Rouineau* is one, he is not beaten by the more heartless effrontery of M. Levassor. And we are sure that Mademoiselle Forgeot cannot so far forget her lady-like habits, and so entirely *grisette* herself as MM. Paul de Kock and Labie intended. But every one who sees this droll act of French domesticity laughs heartily—most of all, when the pair (to propitiate the English) part from the public heartily promising matrimony.

MISCELLANEA

Paris Academy of Sciences.—Feb. 19.—M. Coulvin Gravier read a paper on the phenomenon of shooting stars. The object of the paper is to show that atmospheric variations may be known beforehand by the course of these meteors, and that a storm may be predicted three days before its occurrence.—M. Lame read a report on some improvements in steam-engines by M. Clapeyron. It states that by these improvements the power of the engine is considerably increased, whilst the consumption of fuel is diminished. Previously to the application of M. Clapeyron's system, the largest locomotives on the Paris and Versailles Railroad (right bank), could only drag eight wagons over a portion of the line, but the same locomotives can now perform ten leagues an hour over the same ground, at the head of 12 wagons, and with less fuel. The improvement consists merely in a new arrangement of the apparatus for the emission of the steam.—A paper was received from M. Goudot, on a varnish obtained from the *Arbol de Cera*, a tree of South America. The resin from which this varnish is made is first boiled in water, in order to get rid of all impurities, and the colour to be given to it is put into the water. It is then taken out and worked by the hand into sheets as thin as paper, in which state it is laid upon the object to be varnished. It resists, when thus applied, the action of either cold or hot water, and is not affected by any change of temperature.

Sandwich Islands Literature.—At the last meeting of the Ethnological Society, there were in the room the first four numbers of a newspaper published at the Sandwich Islands, in the native language. This singular journal, of a small folio size, is published every week, the circulation about 3,000, and the annual subscription about $\frac{1}{2}$ th of a dollar, or £3d. Its editor is an American missionary; and it contains, in addition to the ordinary political and general news, political and religious dissertations, &c.

Steam-Vessels.—A singular calamity has just taken place, which recalls the speculations that endeavoured to account for the melancholy fate of the *President* steamer; and having, unlike that ill-fated vessel, left survivors to describe its events, at once gives a probable key to that dreary secret, and should furnish useful warnings for future application to the architecture of steam-ships. The *Eberfeldt* Dutch steam-vessel, on her way from Rotterdam to London, has been totally wrecked under novel and remarkable circumstances. "The *Eberfeldt* sailed from the Brielle on the 22nd ult. under light and variable winds. Upon nearing the English coast, Mr. Bushe, a passenger, remarked that the ship's working appeared to be different from when they left Brielle, and that there was a strong vibration of the vessel. Scarcely had these remarks been made, when his suspicions were but too truly confirmed; he begged of Captain Stranach to order the boat to be in readiness, for he was convinced that the vessel, being constructed of iron, would afford but a few minutes to save themselves. While this conversation was taking place, an indication of a plain nature gave warning that their fears were well-grounded; for about 10 minutes to 3 o'clock, P.M., she broke completely in half in the middle. Mr. Bushe rushed up stairs, and himself and two others fell headlong into the boat at the moment she was launched. Mr. Bushe then took the rudder of the

boat, and kept her head to wind as she was rowed stern foremost towards the vessel to save the remainder of the crew. This was a dreadful moment to all: the wreck presented a most awful, yet grand spectacle: the boiler, bursting by the collapse, threw up immense volumes of steam and fountains of water, and the vessel went down with a loud explosion. The captain and several others were, with much difficulty, taken into the boat. Three persons were unfortunately lost. Captain Stranach and Mr. Bushe described the whole occurrence as a dream; for, from her breaking to her going down, not more than five minutes elapsed." In reading the story of this instant destruction, wherein the elements had no part, we almost feel as if we had got hold of some authentic narrative by which the mystery of the *President* was at length solved. Night, and no survivor, and we have, again, the same wild catastrophe—most probably the same sad and strange tale in all its parts. At any rate, the construction of iron vessels, with their enormous weight of engines, coal, and water, amidships, is a subject which must be forced upon the naval architect, and should upon the government, by this direct and authentic evidence; and there are other questions connected with provision for the saving of crews and passengers in cases of shipwreck from other causes, happening to vessels made of iron, which should come, as morals, out of this interesting narrative.

Steam Navigation.—The *New York Herald* gives the following particulars of the new steam frigate, *Princeton*, with Ericsson's transversal screw propeller. "This beautiful vessel, looking like a splendid packet, lay off the Battery, and the company were taken on board of her by a small steamer. After all had reached her upper deck, which is flush fore and aft, her propeller was set in motion, and the noble *Princeton* ran up the North River, and then down the Bay, in a gale of wind, and without a sail set, to the astonishment of every one. This was done to display her points, and show that the machinery is so perfect in its movements as to cause not the slightest jar in the ship. When off the Phoenix Foundry, one of her monster guns, measuring sixteen feet in length, and capable of carrying a ball weighing two hundred and fifty pounds, was fired off; and, instead of making 'every thing shake,' the report was a neat, finished one, not unlike the crack of a rifle, on an enlarged scale. This steam frigate seems to be perfect. The principle of steam propulsion introduced into her must in a short time drive the old fashioned, wind-resisting, uncouth paddle houses, out of existence. This is proved in a variety of ways, but a *coup-d'œil* is sufficient evidence. In her, we see a vessel of about 700 tons burden, with an engine of 250 horse power, working a single submerged propeller running out at her stern, capable of making 36 or 37 revolutions a minute, and sending the ship through the water at the rate of 14 miles or more an hour. So far only two-thirds of her power have been used, and with that she has beaten the *Great Western*. This was done when the *Princeton* drew four feet more water than the *Great Western* did. This tested her speed, and it is said with confidence that she can beat any steamer in the world. In active service, steamers like the *Princeton*, fitted up with the submerged screw, have every advantage over every other kind of vessel. Wheels, boilers, machinery, furnaces, cranks, &c., are all below water line, the top of the highest plate of the boilers being four feet below that mark. No ball can, therefore, come within that distance of any part of the machinery. In the *Great Western*, and in all other steam ships and frigates, the wheels, smoke pipes, boilers—indeed every part of the whole—is exposed to the shots from the enemy's guns. And in the *Princeton* there is another desideratum, namely, that of burning anthracite coal in her six furnaces, from which no smoke issues, and a stranger cannot, therefore, tell by what means she is propelled. This beautiful vessel is ship-rigged, and when fair wind is blowing, the screw can be unshipped, canvas spread, and she will then 'walk away' from almost any ship afloat. The propeller offers scarcely any resistance, and the *Princeton* has already freely run off before the wind faster than many vessels have in these days."

Silver Mine.—We learn, from Stockholm, that a silver mine, which is expected to be very productive, has been discovered near the town of Lindsberg.

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